

Week ending October 22 1955

Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Extra this week

HOW UP-TO-DATE ARE YOU? John Bull's
Guide to Modern Knowledge, introduced by

**SIR MORTIMER
WHEELER**

Captain of Hungary
by FERENC PUSKAS

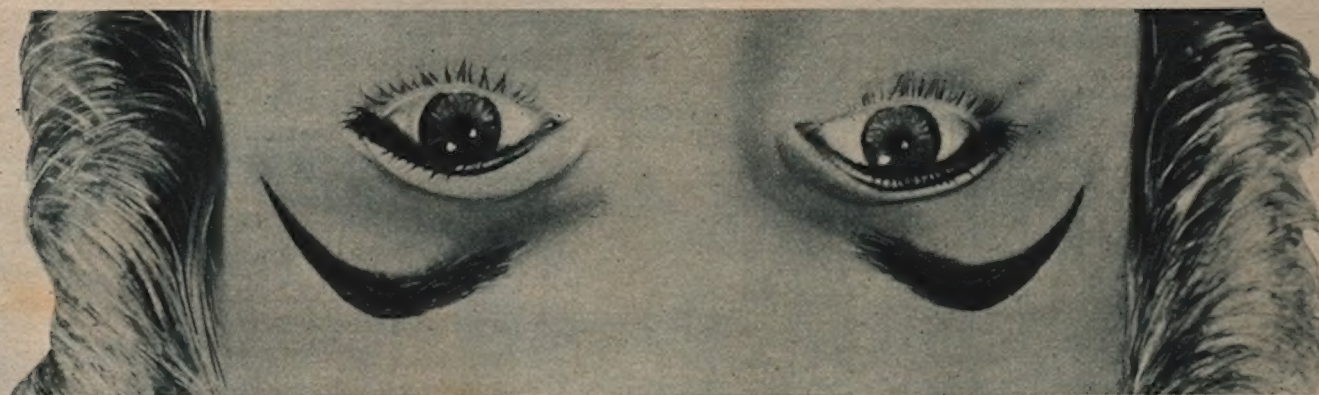
'Boy on a Dolphin'
by DAVID DIVINE



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would stand on their heads



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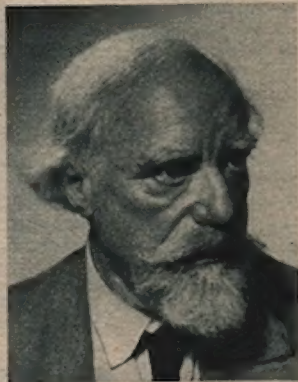
The gipsies' foes

IN kindly Britain a hard-hearted thing is being done. And it is being done by all of us. It is the ceaseless persecution of a tiny minority—the remaining 20,000-odd gipsies.

No one person, no single authority, is being consciously cruel to them. But because the traditional gipsy way of life does not fit in with the organized way of life of most of us, it is being stamped out.

Because it is in their blood, most gipsies still try to wander with horses, tents and caravans, living by odd jobs. Their homes are temporary camps in summer and permanent camps in winter. But nowadays the camping places known to generations of the Romany people are vanishing.

CHAMPIONS of the gipsies are alarmed lest this proud people shall have its spirit broken, and eventually die out. Augustus John, the famous artist who is president of the Gypsy Lore Society, says: "For some years a new drive against the gipsies has been in operation, with the aim, apparently, of exterminating these 'anti-social pests,' as they were called in Nazi Germany."



AUGUSTUS JOHN
"Condemned to squalor"

"Although they are not caught and gassed outright, the treatment adopted will prove no less lethal in the long run. Chivvied into the slums of our big towns, or the filth of the New Forest concentration camps, they are condemned to squalor, disease and degradation."

Gipsies have two main enemies in the impersonal war which society is waging against them. One is popular prejudice—by householders who ask the police to "move them on," and by shopkeepers who, as recently in Kent, post "No gipsies served here" notices in their windows.

THE other enemy is official disapproval. Cardiff Corporation has banned gipsies from Leckwith Common, a regular camp for fifty years, because it wants the land for playing fields. Cheltenham Rural Council has prevented a resident from letting gipsies camp on her land because the sanitary arrangements were unsatisfactory.

A gipsy family near Sandwich was ordered off because their tents were not good enough for the winter—though the wife protested: "To make us go into a house would be like putting wild birds in a cage."

This is a thoughtless and inhuman way to treat a helpless minority in a country which prides itself on its racial tolerance. Instead, the gipsies should be aided to fit more easily into this modern world. They should be provided with proper camping sites; the big ones should have special schools.

By getting rid of ignorance, illiteracy and the sense of persecution, and by improving the gipsies' physical standards, these people can be saved instead of destroyed.

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HOW UP-TO-DATE ARE YOU?

Introduced by Sir Mortimer Wheeler 39-46

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6, 8, 10. THIS WEEK'S
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FREE SPEECH

Modern life thaws the icy English

A REVOLUTION that is slowly taking place in England almost unnoticed is the breaking down of your natural reserve and insularity.

As an exiled Welshman I notice that blocks of flats, council estates, saloon-type railway coaches, serve-yourself cafeterias and frequent visits to neighbours to watch TV are making you more sociable, and less stiff-necked.

I discovered this in several ways—conversations with complete strangers on trains, quick hospitality from neighbours in a new district, and an invitation to use the magnificent garden next door whenever we wanted.

This new friendliness is long overdue among the English. If the happy trend continues—why, maybe in time you will become as human and civilized as the Welsh and the Scots. —J. O. REES, Wythenshawe, Manchester.

Mountain Masque

THE SERIES "It's The Custom" describes many quaint British festivals. But none can compare in



"Lust" and "Vanity" pause to talk

excitement with Bolivia's Diablada, when the mining town of Oruro, 12,000 ft. up in the Andes mountains, fills with dancing men in fabulous masks. Many of the dancers spend their entire savings on their costumes. Then for three riotous days they stage again the symbolic war between the forces of good and evil. —T. A. CASTLE, Knottingley, Yorkshire.

Unfair Comparison

IT is ridiculous to compare the average earnings of men in industry, whose overtime is usually included in their income figures, with those of salaried workers. And why assume that the manual worker is ignorant? He is a producer, and clerical workers are complementary to him.

Most men in industry have to serve a five- or seven-year apprenticeship, which easily outweighs the extra year at school needed for the General Certificate of Education. I myself worked in a local government office and, when I married, my basic pay for a thirty-eight hour week was higher than my husband's for a forty-four hour week. Yet he is a qualified engineer.

A white-collar job doesn't make one intelligent. —M. DAWE, Forest Hill, London, S.E.23.

... The office worker does not have the opportunities for overtime

which the industrial worker has. But although his weekly wage may be inferior, he can usually look forward to a very substantial retirement pension.—J. T. CHARLESWORTH, Southend, Essex.

"Perhaps he can," says the National and Local Government Officers' Association. "But he pays six per cent of his gross salary towards the pensions fund. Many big industrial firms run pension schemes free, in order to attract labour."

Fried Monotony

I HAVE spent eighteen days at different hotels in England and Scotland—eighteen days with fried egg and bacon for breakfast. Somewhere I heard of boiled, poached or scrambled egg; once I even heard of a good English breakfast without an egg at all. Where is the imagination of British caterers?—D. P., Wallsend, Northumberland.



"In our experience people demand bacon-and-egg breakfasts," says a hotelier. "Anything else, and they don't consider they've had their money's worth. In fact, most hotels of any appreciable size provide a choice of several breakfast dishes."

Fighting Back

IF Mrs. Pearson ("Free Speech," September 24) visits the proposed site for the council houses in Finchingfield she will find a mess that the houses are designed to improve.

In spite of public apathy—only thirty people turned up to debate the housing question in the village—Baintree Rural District Council intends to carry out its duty, and will fight county planning officialdom by appealing to the Minister against the refusal to allow the site to be developed.

The Council for the Preservation of Rural England has approved the project, provided that suitable dwellings are put up.—R. J. BARR, Pannfield, Baintree, Essex.

Rock Decided

WALKING in the Yorkshire Brontë country I saw the loneliest of graves—the "gentleman's grave," as it is known locally.

About the year 1835, I was told, a Mr. James Mitchell had a large boulder rolled down the steep hill on which he lived, and ordered that his grave should be dug where the great rock finally rested.

His tomb, with the boulder on top, stands less than two miles from Haworth Parsonage, near the Colne

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

John Bull's Guide to
Modern Knowledge

introduced by

SIR MORTIMER
WHEELER

BEGINS ON PAGE 39

road in Stanbury village. Yet it is so isolated that few of Brontë-land's many visitors call there.—G. VINE, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire.

Blindfold Genius

"THE CHESS MASTER" (JOHN BULL, September 24) reminds me of an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



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THAT'S SHELL

-THAT WAS!

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

astounding blindfold display by Pillsbury, an American chess champion who died about fifty years ago. He played ten chess and ten draughts games, and a game of whist, simultaneously. — L. W. BARDEN (joint-British chess champion, 1954), London, S.E. 25.

After a series of blindfold games Pillsbury could recall every move in sequence.

Different Approach

IT seems to me that preachers of the Canon Bryan Green school (JOHN BULL, September 24) do more harm than good to Christianity in the long view. I do not recall any Bible story that pictures Christ as a slick propagandist, and surely a preacher's example should follow His teachings and manner. Otherwise the unconverted may falsely be led to believe that the miracles were figments of a good propaganda machine, and that Calvary was the last despairing act of an unbalanced exhibitionist. — C. MOUNTJOY, Sheffield, 7.

... If we had more men like Canon Green, people might realize that the Church has a place in contemporary life. — E. M. T., Leicester.

National Mirror

AN American friend who set out to motor through Britain gave up two days later, admitting that the strain of driving in this country was too much for him. His overwhelming impression was of a succession of blind corners. Of course other countries have nasty corners, but in Switzerland I found convex mirrors



Swiss street safety mirror

conveniently placed to help "blind" drivers. Why not in Britain, also? — J. A. AMBERS, Ramsgate, Kent.

Similar mirrors do exist at some places—Guildford, Orpington, Bexhill and Winchelsea among them—but they have never been tried on a big scale in Britain. Driving authorities say that the mirrors would be "one more distraction" on the roads, and that children would break the glass.

Painted Boats

JERRARD TICKELL'S story "Rose Of Sharon" (JOHN BULL, September 24 and October 1) took my mind

back thirty years to hard-working, yet leisurely, days on the canals, when barge children with gay buckets scrambled up to cottages for eggs at a shilling a score.

I remember "blind Polly," a pioneer boat owner's daughter who knitted all day by the edge of the canal; and her mother—an erect old woman of seventy—who escorted the girl to church on a Sunday.

Again I seem to hear the clip-clop of horses coming weary to the Six Day Inn for stabling while their masters swallowed wholesome beer at threepence a quart.

Today the narrow boats go quickly by, but still some of the old families may be recognized with pleasure. — F. SAWTELL, Weedon, Northampton.

Tub-thumping Time

I WONDER whether reader Childre knows what he is doing when he advocates that the proceedings of the Houses of Parliament should be



broadcast ("Free Speech," September 24). Microphones in Parliament would encourage M.P.s to "play up" to the electorate. The good of the country would come second to popularity-courting by courtesy of the B.B.C., and this would lead to demagoguery rather than more democracy.

Imagine the unbecoming scramble by M.P.s to "catch the Speaker's eye" at peak listening time. — R. A. DODD, Dagenham.

In Australia and New Zealand, where parliamentary proceedings are broadcast almost in their entirety, top listening time is frequently reserved for government statements and major debates.

Noise Annoys

MENTAL homes cannot cope with the flood of patients, yet JOHN BULL demands a network of helicopter stations in Britain (Editorial, September 24).

One small helicopter hovering at two hundred feet disturbs the peace, or what remains of the peace, over about twenty square miles. People with your influence should be demanding less noise from the air, not more of it.

How will it profit England if, to allow quick travel from London to Coventry for the thick-headed half of her citizens, the other half of the nation has to be certified insane? — F. G., Church Crookham, Aldershot.

Uniformity

AS the headmaster of a secondary modern school I know how greatly parents could help their children to feel equality with grammar school pupils—by providing the girls, especially, with a simple uniform. A

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

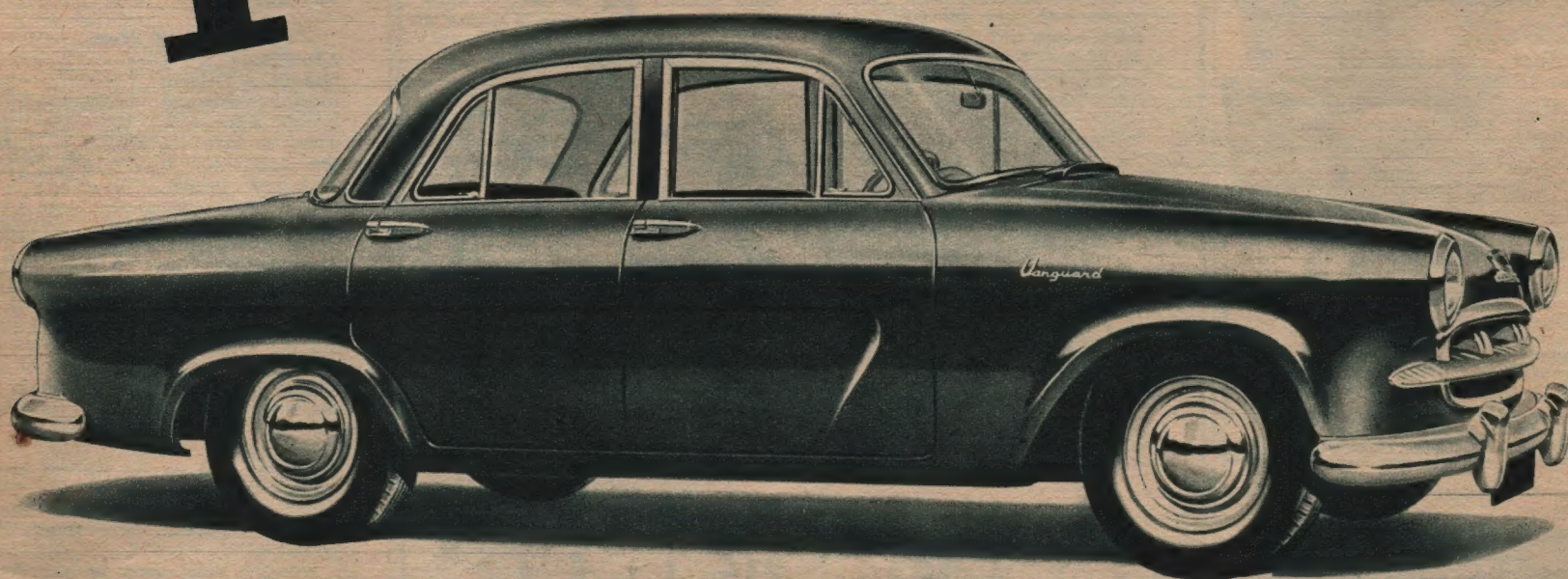
THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHEN you're six, there's no reason why pigtails shouldn't last a lifetime. Being beautiful, in fact, is a bore, and it's a crying shame that good playtime has to be squandered at the hairdresser's. But that phase doesn't last long. Soon, the hand that rules the waves comes into its own, and a girl doesn't need half a rocking horse to tempt her into the hairdresser's; wild horses wouldn't keep her away. Like most men whose wives revere haute coiffure as a sacred cult, Zelinski used to scoff at the whole business. Then he learned that men spend almost as much on their hair as women. "I don't know what 'short back and sides' is coming to," he says.



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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

white blouse and navy tunic or skirt costs less than the elaborate "separates" some parents allow girls of fourteen to wear.—F. M. S., Hove, Sussex.

Fare Fantasy

I DID not know until recently that the friendly rivalry between the white and red rose counties extended to British Railways fares.

A day return ticket from my home in Bradford to Liverpool costs twelve shillings. But had I been a Lancastrian living in Liverpool, the same ticket to Bradford and back would have cost me fifteen shillings.—J. H., Idle, Bradford, Yorkshire.

"Local commercial superintendents may introduce whatever excursion fares they think fit, in view of local traffic conditions, provided that the price charged is not higher than the standard rate," says British Railways. "Bradford and Liverpool are in different regions, so excursion fares may differ."

Giddy Hen

AT a Boy Scout fête in a Belgian town, my wife and I found a sideshow where a man, in the centre of a circle of people, was making a hen giddy by swinging it round his head. Then he put the hen in the centre of a ring of numbered dishes, and left it. When the hen recovered it made for one of the dishes and pecked at the grain it contained. The "owner" of that dish won the bird.

This giddy business ruined our afternoon, but as we walked away another Englishman remarked: "We must be too sentimental about animals. Everyone here thinks it's great fun."

When I saw some of the local clergy buying tickets for the next contest I had to agree.—J. WEST, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

Learning Language

WHETHER or not the learning of a "dead" language is futile ("Free Speech," August 27 and September 24), the learning of "living" ones by the methods employed in schools certainly is.

What is the use of trying to hammer the grammar of an unknown language into a brain still befuddled by the grammatical mysteries of the mother tongue?

Better to spend the first two years learning to speak and read, and to leave until later the worry of parsing, imperfect subjunctives and other niceties.—C. A. WOODHOUSE, Plymouth, Devon.

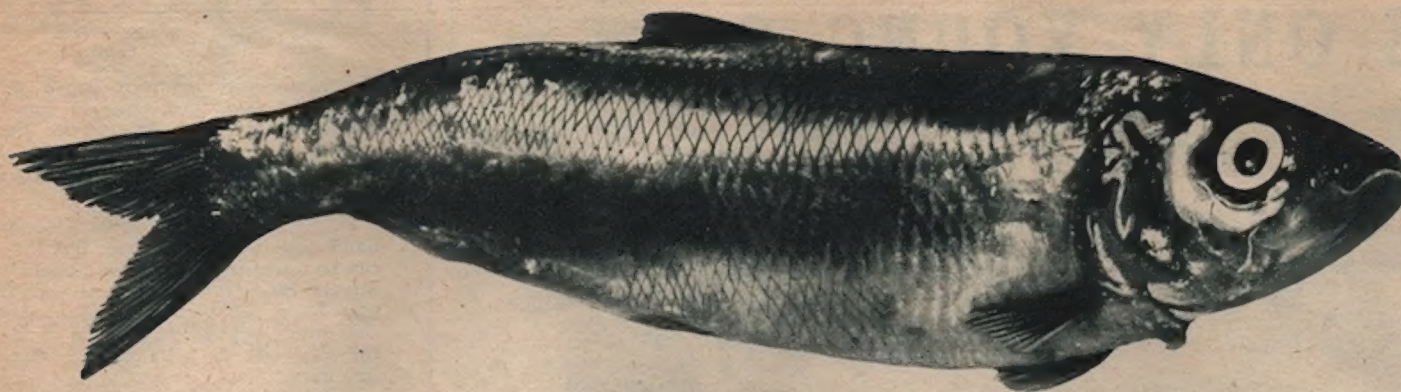
Modern methods of teaching foreign languages insist upon "practical skill without academic drudgery." A French student will hear only French spoken in class and will absorb the language in roughly the same sequence in which a child absorbs its mother tongue.

Road Sense

SINCE 1940 I have driven a car regularly, without mishap except for parking offences. Now I have bought a three-wheeled vehicle—classed as a motor car in my insurance policy—with exactly the same controls as a car, including a self-starter, but with no reverse gear. I find I have to pass another test, taking along with me a qualified motor cyclist, or even a motor-assisted cyclist, who may never have driven a car in his life before.—J. G. BAUMBACH, Mobberley, Cheshire.

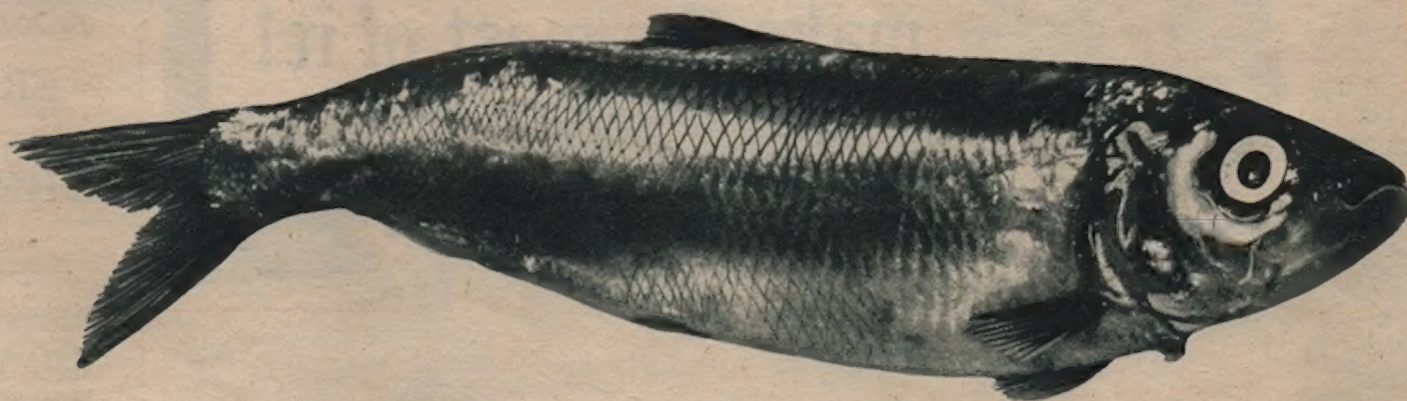
... I have just seen a baker's delivery truck with a small electric motor. It carried "L" plates and

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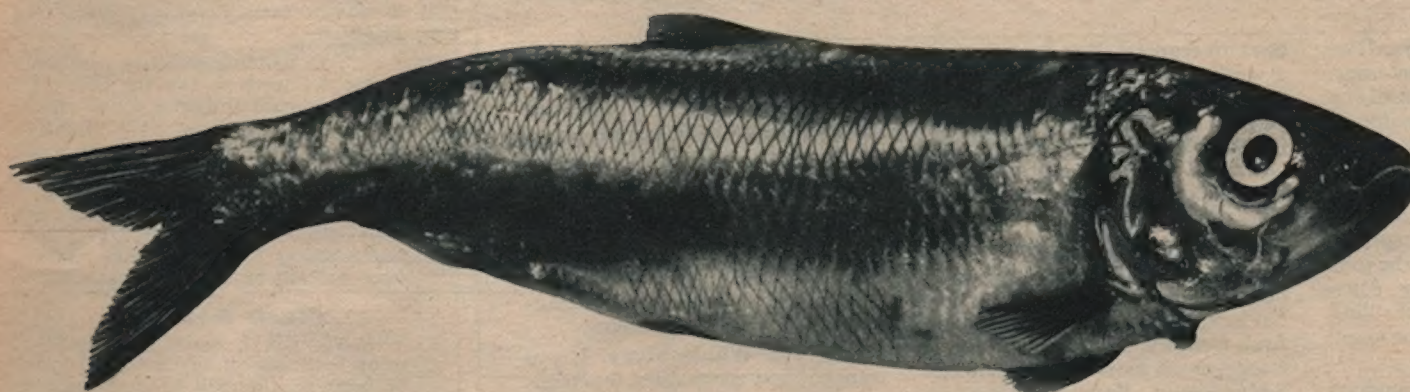
It is wrong

that any man
should go through winter
looking spiritless (somehow),
lacklustre (almost),
dulled to inanity, chilled to despair.



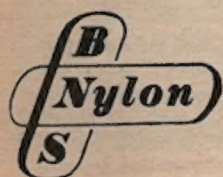
wronger than ever

when you think of wool-and-nylon—
the *warmth* of wool-and-nylon . . .
Comfort-conning vests and pants.
Soft, unfelted, after
how many washings—unshrunk, undarned.



wrong—and unjust

Other men have wool-and-nylon
vests and pants—Why hasn't he,
poor fish?



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days for regulars. You can get up to 4 weeks and a bit off each year—with full pay of course. In Germany you can do even better: you can get up to 7 full weeks. Quite tremendous when you compare it with ordinary holidays. There's lots of free holiday travel, too.

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IN THE REGULAR ARMY

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

the roundsman made it move by working a lever projecting in front. He kept his feet firmly on the ground, and yet the law requires him to pass a test. Red tape run mad!—K. G. T., Bexleyheath, Kent.

... Cars sold by some second-hand dealers may look fine; but they can be death traps. The law "books" drivers for petty offences; it should also force car pirates to guarantee that every vehicle they sell is fit for the road.—P. E. S., Greenock, Renfrewshire.

"Vehicle groupings are constantly under review," says the Ministry of Transport. "More spot checks by the police will help to eliminate faulty cars, but it is up to owners to make sure that the cars they buy are fit to drive."

By His Beard

AN African quail fell on to our fo'c'sle with its back cut open after flying into the wireless aerial. I picked it up and took it down to the ship's doctor, who gave it a whiff of anaesthetic. Then, quite nonchalantly, he plucked several long hairs

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

ERIC BARKER

(see page 26)

THE MARCHING WIND

(see page 23)

from my beard, dipped them in alcohol, threaded a needle and gently sewed up the bird's wound.

He pulled its wings with tape and the bird contentedly waddled after me for two weeks before she soared into the air and made off towards Libya. — R. C. J., Berkhamsted, Herts.

Financial Justice

BUILDING society rates have gone up, heavily adding to the burden of people with the courage to buy their own homes ("Free Speech," September 24). Council house tenants, apart from old age pensioners, therefore cannot grumble if the government reduces the housing subsidy. It is time that high-earning families living in houses at nominal rents had to pay a little extra.—J. HUGHES, Brighton.

... If building societies can pay bigger dividends so can the Chancellor. He should authorize a new issue of savings certificates, at a slightly increased rate of interest, to encourage people to save. — J. MARSHALL, Birmingham, 32.

"This would be entirely up to the Chancellor," says the Treasury. "He has sufficient powers to make a new issue without an Act of Parliament."

Clock Butchers

WHENEVER I make an appointment with one of my friends I can be fairly sure he will be anything up to twenty minutes late. If a tradesman promises a morning delivery, almost always he arrives in the afternoon. Every morning my train sets me down in London between five and ten minutes late. If we have clocks we should plan our lives accordingly—or throw the timepieces away.—T. D. WATSON, Hastings

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

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AP 293/17



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stand...*



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PRIZE OF SANTENAC

by *MICHAEL GILBERT*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Only the professor knew where the missing jewels were hidden.
But it was easy for a crook to trail him—he talked too much!

PROFESSOR BICKERSTETH SETTLED himself comfortably in the client's chair. "And now, my dear Nap," he said, "I want you to tell me all about the law of treasure trove."

Noel Anthony Portarlier Rumbold sighed. "I am a solicitor," he said, "not the Oracle at Delphi."

"But solicitors know the law."

"I could give you a very lengthy and complicated reply to that," said Nap. "But I won't. My job is to find out the law for you. I should have to go to an expert—probably a barrister—and put certain questions to him on your behalf, and, in course of time, receive his answers. You would have to pay for them. They would not be cheap. Is it the law of treasure trove in this country, or elsewhere?"

"Well, here, I suppose—and in France."

"You'd pay twice for that."

"Oh dear," said the professor. "Why do you make everything so difficult? I'm not at all sure that it wouldn't be easier to go straight ahead and ignore the law altogether."

"Now *that*," said Nap, "is a much more practical suggestion. But suppose you tell me something about it first."

"Well," said the professor, "it all started when my old friend Carkeith wrote to me about a set of medieval vineyard accounts from Bordeaux. As I expect you remember, Bordeaux came into the possession of the Crown when Henry II married Eleanor of Aquitaine—"

Nap slumped slightly in his chair. Outside it was a warm day. Two pigeons volplaned off the buttress of Guildhall and came to rest on the parapet opposite. . . .

"Let me see," he said, finally, "if I have got it straight. The Comte de Sessac, the owner of Château Santenac, surrendered his castle to the English. The French recaptured the castle, and destroyed it. However, nobody ever caught up with de Sessac, nor was the de Sessac treasure, which the count left behind him when he skipped, ever unearthed. And now you think you know where that treasure is."

"I think I know where it was originally put," said the professor, mildly. "The sketch plan in the accounts was quite definite."

"But whether the treasure still lies there is another question."

"Seven centuries is a considerable period," agreed Professor Bickersteth. "But you must bear in mind that part of the treasure was a collection of papal jewels. If they had been found I think there would have been a record of it."

"All right," said Nap. "Now let me give you some advice. Take the present owner of Château Santenac right into your confidence. You can do nothing behind his back. But



Richard and Emilia returned rather late to the hotel. They were alarmed to find the professor deep in discussion with a bearded Frenchman

don't tell anyone else. . . . You haven't told anyone, have you?"

"Just one or two close friends," said the professor uneasily.

"M'm. I hope they'll be discreet. My suggestion is that you go over yourself. Take perhaps a couple of friends you can rely on. Is the château still in the Sessac family?"

"It's been sold quite recently, I believe—by the last of the Sessacs—to a Monsieur Potier, head of a Bordeaux wine syndicate."

"When, and if, you find any treasure, will be the time for Monsieur Potier and you to worry about the law. If it will help, I'll send someone with you. I've got an articled clerk kicking his heels here. He takes his finals next month. A compulsory break would do him good. And he speaks French well."

"It's uncommonly kind of you," said the professor. "Would that be the young man you told to look after my daughter? Perhaps we could have them both in and tell them."

NAP rang a bell. His secretary said she thought it was no good sending for Mr. D'Este; he had gone out for coffee with the young lady.

"That's all right," said Nap. "I can see them. They're on their way back now."

The professor walked across to the window and stood beside him. "Indeed, they seem to be quite good friends already," he observed.

A week later Richard D'Este stood on the deck of the S.S. Honfleur and watched the squat ugliness of Newhaven disappear over the stern. The girl was tucked into a deck chair beside him.

"Are you a good sailor?" asked Emilia.

"I have crossed the Channel many times without any ill-effects," he replied, turning to her to resume a very private conversation.

They docked at Le Havre at four o'clock. Richard secured a taxi and they went to the hotel where rooms had been booked. The professor announced that he would spend a quiet hour on his bed, and Richard and Emilia went for a walk.

When they got back, rather later than they had intended, they found Professor Bickersteth talking to a bearded gentleman, whom he introduced as Monsieur Plon. "He is himself an

enthusiast for the wines of Bordeaux," said the professor. "We have had such an interesting discussion."

Richard and Emilia looked at each other in quick alarm.

"You go to Bordeaux, I understand," said Monsieur Plon. "Where will you go from there? If you are interested in fine wines no doubt you go on through to Haut Medoc?"

The professor seemed enchanted with this idea. "It is such a pleasure," he said, "to meet a fellow enthusiast. Perhaps you would join us at dinner? Splendid."

During the meal that followed, the professor and Monsieur Plon talked wine while Richard and Emilia listened to the flow of expertise. . . .

"And of the fifth cru," said the professor, "there is no doubt Pontet-Canet holds the field."

"I agree," said Monsieur Plon, "that a château-bottled Pontet-Canet of a good year is difficult to beat in any cru."

The talk switched to the area of Dijon and the two men descended to Côte d'Or in slow and loving pilgrimage.

And then, as he listened lazily, it seemed to Richard that a change had taken place. The professor had ceased to follow the conversation and had started to guide it.

"And of the white Burgundies," he said. "If you had the choice of an inexpensive wine of recent vintage, would be Pouilly-Fuissé, or an Aligoté?"

"The first, I think," said Monsieur Plon.

"You are not then fond of an Aligoté. Is it a wine you know?"

Monsieur Plon hesitated fractionally before he

replied. "I have drunk it, of course," he said.

"I wonder if you know the place?"

"I have been through it, certainly, but have never had occasion to stop there."

The professor said: "It is charming, quite charming. A few miles south of Mâcon. And talking about Mâconnaise wines—"

He talked of them, exhaustively. Coffee followed the cheese, Cognac followed the coffee.

MONSIEUR PLON at last rose to go. "I have rarely enjoyed a meal so much," he said. "It emboldens me to make a suggestion. I myself have a car. A large and empty car. I am going through Bordeaux to Arcachon. Would it not be more pleasant than going by train if you were to accompany me?"

"It's extremely kind of you," said the professor. "I shall certainly not refuse."

"Then we will meet after breakfast tomorrow."

When Monsieur Plon had gone they sat in silence for a few minutes. Then the professor said: "That man is a vulgar impostor."

"How do you make that out?" Richard asked.

"Well, when he began to praise a château-bottled Pontet-Canet I had my doubts."

"But I'm sure I've heard of Pontet-Canet."

"No doubt. It is a well-known claret. It happens never to be bottled at the château. And then—Aligoté is the name of a very well-known white Burgundy. Only Aligoté does not happen to be a place. It is a type of vine."

"And he actually said that he had been through it," said Richard.

"I fear that my indiscretions are catching up



with me," said the professor, repentantly. The news of my quest has got about. I fear that Monsieur Plon has been put on to trail us."

"Then we must lose him," said Emilia. "Suppose we catch a very early train tomorrow?"

"I don't quite like that," said Richard. "He might be able to trace us, if he inquires at the station. I think it would be better and safer to go by road. I can hire a car here, but not at this time of night."

"It will take probably a day to arrange. What I suggest is that you, sir, have a touch of migraine tomorrow which prevents you traveling. Incidentally, that will serve as a check on Monsieur Plon. If he is what we suspect, he will postpone his own departure. We will then leave at crack of dawn on the day following."

NEARLY forty-eight hours later an old green Chevrolet, with Richard at the wheel, turned in at the gateway of Château Santenac. Monsieur Potier, warned by telephone from Libourne, was on the step to greet them.

He was plainly delighted to see them. The reason became apparent over a glass of wine in his shuttered library.

"I am myself," he said, "in a small way a student of medieval history. It is the greatest honour imaginable that I should entertain in my house the celebrated author of *Observations On The Tactical Employment Of The Longbow*."

"I had no idea," said the professor, "that my little opus had been translated into French."

"I read him," said Monsieur Potier, complacently, "in the original English. Most I understand. A few technical expressions escape me. Tomorrow perhaps you will be able to elucidate."

"Nothing would please me more," said the professor.

The next morning Richard and Emilia stood looking down over the gentle curve of the vineyards to the Garonne.

"Come on," said Emilia sharply. "We shall want a pole at this corner."

Richard obediently drove in one of the white and black survey poles.

"And then you can take another one and plant

Continued on page 38

They stared into the neat, brick-lined cavity. The professor pointed and said: "But that is amazing"



We run the English off their feet

At Wembley and Budapest, the masters of football clung to their old-fashioned tactics. We baffled them with our retreating attacks, and when they were beaten we showed them no mercy



LOOKING AROUND the dressing-room at Wembley Stadium, I could see only worried Hungarians trying to hide their nervousness. We marched out on to the grass for the start of the game and it was a relief to me to see that the English players were just as wrought-up. For us, the tension lasted exactly ninety seconds—the time it took Hidegkuti to score the first goal of the match. After that tonic, there was no holding us. Every Hungarian player fought like a hero.

We were calling out to encourage each other: "Come on, Sanyi!" "Kick it, Nandi!" The shouts came from all over the field. We gave the game all we had. One of our men got cramp in his foot and had to be massaged at the touch-line. Afterwards we discovered that most of us had had the same trouble but carried on in spite of it. No match has ever left me so tired as our 6-3 victory against England at Wembley in November, 1953.

We had left Budapest with the critics forecasting our defeat. Not once in half a century had England lost an international match on her home ground. Even Gustav Sebes, now Hungary's Deputy Minister of Sport, offered us more consolation than hope. "No matter what the result, we must do our best," he told us. "If we play with all our skill, the result can do no harm to the prestige of Hungarian football."

Usually we enjoyed our trips abroad and were full of jokes; this time we stared in front of us and no one dared to say a word. What a contrast was our homecoming! More than a hundred thousand fans waited for us at Budapest's gaily decorated railway station. The crowd wouldn't let us go home. My house is only ten minutes' walk from the station, but it took me hours to get there. At the first street corner the crowd surged into the road and lifted up one of our cars with us inside it. We were all terrified that they were going to drop it.

The celebrations went on for two months. I couldn't walk in the streets without being stopped by people who wanted to shake hands. Strangers crossed the road to talk, and there was no chance of my arriving anywhere punctually.

Letters poured in at the rate of three hundred a day. One was from Sweden, addressed with the drawing of a big football and the words: "Puskas, Hungary." Another had a drawing of a goal with a ball flying into it and was simply addressed to: "The inside left." I received both letters without delay.

But of all the joy of the triumph and the

In Budapest, captains Billy Wright and Puskas (left) exchange bouquets. "The English are sportsmen," says Puskas, "always ready to lose"



At the People's Stadium, Budapest, Puskas (arms up) scores the final goal of Hungary's 7-1 victory. Some of the spectators took carrier pigeons into the ground and flew out their tickets so that friends could use them



"For my little Aniko," says Puskas, "I would even give up football"

celebrations, I think that my happiest moment was in our hotel in London after the game. A small boy came up to me in the foyer and said: "Please, sir, take me to your country and teach me to play football."

We had worked hard for that victory over England. Several years before, our trainers had designed new tactics to put Hungary in the front rank of international football. Their revolutionary methods, in which attack and defence worked as one and kept the whole team active all the time, gained us the Olympic football championship in 1952. Now we had beaten England.

Many people were wondering about the reasons for our startling successes, but—tactics apart—the secret was simple: we relied on careful preparation, hard work and a lot of enthusiasm. For the Wembley match, a day-to-day training syllabus had been drawn up for each player at the beginning of the season. For me, this included other sports, gymnasium exercises, six or eight hours a week of cross-country running, baths, massages and wrestling.

We had competitions to see who could put the ball between the goalposts the most times. At the end of each training session I took thirty penalty kicks, one after the other. I was disappointed if twenty-seven of them didn't score goals. Then I would tell myself that twenty-seven out of thirty was not good enough.

EACH of the other players was concentrating on some special task—running, placing the ball on a specified spot, swinging it across from wing to centre. We were all schooling ourselves not only to play according to our positions in the team, but also to make the most of any opening or advantage that might crop up in the game. As inside forward, I trained myself to be ready at an instant to take over either on the wing or in the centre.

This versatility of our players was the main reason for our triumph at Wembley. The English defence was quite unprepared for the attacks of our forwards—attacks that were often led from behind.

Throughout the game we demonstrated the golden rule of modern football: a good player

keeps playing even without the ball. All the time he is placing himself so that when the ball comes to him he is able to make good use of it.

We didn't nurse the ball, but kept passing it so quickly that an onlooker might have thought that it was burning our feet.

This quick game, combined with the fact that we had freed ourselves from the old-fashioned rule of staying in one's original position, did much to tire the English defence.

After our great victory at Wembley, the English visit to Budapest for the return match in May, 1954, caused tremendous excitement. Everything was prepared with the utmost care. The demand for tickets was phenomenal. Two



Elizabeth, whom Puskas married in 1950. He says: "Although my football career often makes her lonely, she has never complained"

months before the match I had to arrange my telephone number. Day and night I was being called by every friend and acquaintance. They all expected me to get them tickets for the great occasion.

People used many dodges to try to get into the stadium. They volunteered to do any job there was, for nothing, and the stadium had all the ticket collectors and attendants it wanted, and a waiting list, three months beforehand.

SOME fans who were lucky enough to get a ticket went into the ground with carrier pigeons in baskets. As soon as they reached their places, they tied the ticket to the pigeon and released the bird to fly out to a waiting friend. In this way one ticket brought two and even more people into the ground.

We had prepared steadily for this match, carrying out our usual training and trying to correct our mistakes and polish up our methods. In contrast to our previous meeting, it was the English who looked depressed when they arrived in Budapest. Probably we had looked the same in London, but there was this difference: the English already seemed to be without hope or ambition.

On a beautiful day we took the field before a vast crowd. The game started at a feverish pace, but it was scrappy with both teams playing nervously. After eight minutes we received a free kick about twenty-five yards out from Merrick's goal. I pretended that I was going to shoot straight at the goal, but at the last minute I overstepped the ball and passed it back to Lantos behind me. He drove it without difficulty into the net.

After that, our forward line settled into its stride. We kept the play in our opponents' half and maintained constant pressure on their goal. The English attack never showed signs of developing.

In the second half, England did make more of an effort, but our defence held their attacks confidently, and soon we had taken the initiative again, as was shown by the final result of seven goals to one.

I was deeply impressed by the spirit
Continued on page 49



Girls of Markson's water ballet learn to use plastic shells for one of his productions. In Brussels once, he started rehearsals at 2 a.m.



Markson varies the fare at his aqua-shows with stage turns and speciality to go abroad to find swimming and diving acts; the weather, facilities and

Variety takes the plunge

by JOHN SANDILANDS

Leon Markson scours Europe for talent when he's staging his lavish aqua-shows. But once he made a star of a diving duck

AT THE WAVERLEY MARKET, an exhibition hall in Edinburgh, workmen finished installing a glass-fronted, 20,000-gallon water tank in preparation for an aqua-show produced by water showman Leon Markson. Pleased with the finished effect of the £700 tank, Markson had it filled and called the manager of the hall to see it.

The two men agreed that it was ideal. As they were returning to the office for a celebratory drink, there was a loud crack and water began to cascade across the floor of the hall. The pressure of water had dislodged the glass front of the tank. A few minutes later, seats, props and lighting effects were floating on a foot-deep flood.

"The manager remained remarkably calm under the circumstances," says Markson. "He said only three words: 'Get it out.'" Markson collected the money from advance bookings, ordered the dismantling of the tank and transferred his show to the nearby Portobello Baths.

A former professional stunt diver, Markson retains, at forty-two, a boyish enthusiasm for his job and meets the specialized hazards of

aqua-show production with a breezy lack of concern.

In 1952, while he was organizing a show for Bourmemouth Corporation, he received a frantic telephone call from the American showman William Redley, asking him to produce a water spectacle in The Hague within ten days. Redley was presenting an ice show in the city, but found that he was in competition with a larger production of the same type. His attendances were dropping rapidly, and he wanted to bolster his own production by including an aqua-show.

Markson telegraphed every known professional swimmer and diver in the country, and managed to assemble a cast in London within four days. He rehearsed for three days, ironed out passport and transport difficulties and took the team to Holland two days before the show was due to open. "For a week he was working practically twenty-four hours a day," says one of his staff, "but he was quite unruffled."

Markson's vigorous and often unorthodox

methods produce results, but frequently prove a trial to his subordinates and casts.

In 1956, when he took a tank show to Brussels, Markson worked with the cast erecting the pool, which had been transported from England in sections. "By the time the tank was put together and filled it was 2 a.m.," says Jimmy Munlack, a diver in the show. "Everybody was tired out and ready to sleep when Markson shouted: 'Right, let's get in it.' We rehearsed until half past three. The next rehearsal was at 7.30 the same morning."

Markson drives his performers hard, but they respect his practical swimming ability.

In the 1948 *Aquashow* at Earls Court, he was responsible for the production of the finale and appeared in the sequence himself. Before the show opened, however, a difficulty arose over the new forty-foot diving tower which had been installed. Because of the stage built for the elaborate variety show which accompanied the water spectacle, the tower had to be put at the shallower end of the pool, where there was only about seven feet of water. When the platform was completed, several of the divers refused to use it until Markson did a difficult stunt dive to show them that it was safe.

The constant shortage in this country of good swimmers and divers with professional ambitions—"the weather, facilities and lack of coaching are all against them"—forces Markson to scour the Continent each winter for new talent. He takes a railway ticket covering several European countries and stops at likely centres of swimming activity to hold "auditions."

His greatest find was in the swimming pool of a small town in Sweden, two years ago. He spotted a youngster performing an astonishing series of formal and stunt dives. Markson discovered that the boy was completely self-taught and did not even know the names of the dives he was performing. After a brief spell of coaching, he could do a three and a half somersault and a double twisting double back somersault—a dive which, says Markson, is "impossible."

Experience has shown that the success of an aqua-show depends largely on its divers. Markson's last production featured Betty Slade, a

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON



acts such as log-rollers and canoeists. He has lack of coaching are all against home talent

European diving champion, Drew Kennedy, a former R.A.F. champion, and Eric Smith, winner of the B.A.O.R. diving competition. He also has two Swedish trophy winners and a Polish champion.

Markson tries to avoid stunts in his shows, relying on the slick presentation of good swimming and diving acts and unusual turns such as log-rollers and kayak canoeists. In Birmingham, however, he gave considerable advance publicity to a performance by a duck and found the opening night a sell-out. The duck, billed as "Donald the Diving Duck," made its entrance at the end of the show, waddled slowly along the springboard and jumped into the water.

"It was kept on dry land until its spot in the show," says Markson. "When it was released it was only natural that it should make straight for the water. It was a howling success, but in effect two thousand people paid up to ten shillings a time to see a duck swim."

Markson began his own diving career in 1935 when he was spotted by an aqua-show producer at a swimming pool near his home in Birmingham. Taking the professional name of Marco, he teamed up with three other divers and made a world tour in the liner *Empress of Britain*. One of his specialities was a "suicide dive"—a flat "belly-flop" from thirty feet.

Back in Britain, he did a simple dive from a five-metre board one day, and spun slightly as he entered the water. The following day he was unable to move. At the hospital he was found to have a broken neck and was out of action for six months.

After war service in the R.A.F., he decided to end his active career and exploit his ideas on the production side of the aqua-show business.

He talked the director of the Blackpool Tower into allowing him to put on an aqua-show, and then he helped in the production of the 1948 Earls Court *Aquashow*.

When the show ended, he formed a series of eight small swimming troupes which followed each other round provincial pools. The scheme was a failure and opposition from shows with big money behind them hit him badly. In 1948 he had to declare himself bankrupt and take a



Divers Johnny Bower and Jimmy Munlack rehearse, watched by Betty Slade and Markson. He was a stunt diver before the war, but broke his neck when doing a simple dive from a five-metre board

job with showman Pete Collins, touring theatres with a small tank show.

In 1949, Markson heard that Morecambe Corporation was planning a water spectacle, so he travelled up to offer his services. "At the time I had three pounds ten in my pocket." Borrowing the production costs from the corporation, he got the show under way in the town's open-air swimming pool.

With another production running concurrently at Rhyl, Markson cleared £3,000 in a ten-week season, paid his debt to Morecambe, secured his discharge from bankruptcy, and, at the end of the season went on a successful Continental tour which made his name.

Markson, who lives with his wife Stella and six-year-old son David in Birmingham, firmly believes in the future of aquatic productions.

"With more and better acts they can fill

arenas like Harringay and Wembley," he says. "They are one of the few new forms of entertainment that have not yet been fully exploited." He points to the popularity of this type of show in America, following the lavish pattern set by the famous *Aquacade* at the New York World's Fair before the war.

On the final night of a show in Bournemouth, two years ago, however, Markson had his enthusiasm for water productions temporarily dampened. According to aqua-show tradition, the finale is followed by a solemn ceremony in which the producer is thrown into the pool.

Markson was thrown in fully clothed, but was then pushed under repeatedly as he tried to struggle to the side. After several minutes, Jimmy Munlack and another diver, Johnny Bower, had to jump in and drag him, semi-conscious, from the pool.

THE END



His remarks in halting Cantonese made her smile with delight. It was the start of their story, a story nobody else ever suspected

The constant flame

by KEITH WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

For them marriage had been impossible. And now they must part.
But neither the years nor separation could quench their love

ROGER CRAIG WAS LEAVING Malaya—the news had gone around the clubs in Singapore and had formed the main topic of conversation for several days. North of Singapore it filtered through to the Johore Club, the Malacca Club, the Sungei Ujong in Seremban; and farther northwards to Penang.

They all made jokes at Craig's expense—the old-type Malayan *tuan*, a stuffy, parochial, too conscientious civil service character—but everyone secretly regretted his going.

There are few men left in Malaya who have any but second-hand knowledge of Roger Craig's early days, and stories of him are now a mixture of fact and fiction.

The one about the gun battle with Hussain bin Jumaat, after the Straits Bank hold-up, is true; they fought it out along the length of the Johore causeway, the two of them, but it didn't take all day, as some people claim: in fact it was twenty minutes after the first shots were exchanged that Craig put one through the bandit's head, and that was the end of that.

The police records of 1902 show a terse three-line entry on the subject in Craig's writing.

There is, however, no record of how he got the Kung brothers, the ones who pirated the Kelantan coast about 1924. They say that Craig went after them in a government junk, with an eighteen-pounder and Royal Artillery gun crew, and blew them out of the water; but, as the R.A. commanding officer at the time knew nothing of the abuse of his gun and his men, the records merely indicate that while piracy by the Kung brothers was once prevalent, it suddenly ceased and the brothers disappeared.

Craig was known to speak Malay, Tamil, Urdu, Hokkien and Cantonese, and nothing in his reputation indicated that he had learned any of these the easy way. He was now seventy-five, and lived in a tiny bungalow at Loyang on the north side of the island, coming into town twice a week to visit his old department of police, where his experience was greatly valued.

"*Pukul tujuh stengah, tuan,*" said Ah Khan, the boy, as he rolled up the mosquito net. Seven thirty.

"*Baik.*" Mr. Craig sat up, pushed his feet into a pair of sandals, brushed silvery hair back from his forehead and walked out on to the veranda for tea, pulling on a silk dressing-gown.

It was his favourite spot. The veranda looked out over the Johore Straits towards the islands, Pulau Ubin and its neighbours, that fronted the mainland. In the early morning the water was still, like cathedral glass, winking at intervals with the sun over the eastern approaches.

So this is how it all ends, he thought to himself, and smiled ruefully. Fifty-three years of it. Finished, the planning, the dangerous excitement of crossing swords with the country's shrewd and vicious criminal element; going now, leaving the glorious sunshine and warm pavements

of Singapore, and the damp, vivid green of the jungle.

Today—the last day—everything seemed to be planned for him. A presentation from the cricket club—he had been president for eighteen years—timed for eleven o'clock, followed by a farewell tiffin given by the Singapore Chamber of Commerce in the Victoria Memorial Hall; and then, in the evening, there would be further eulogizing at a Chinese Club dinner.

He had seen it happen a few dozen times in the course of his career, always with a feeling of pity for the recipients, not because they were leaving, for they were all glad to go, but because they always looked so embarrassed; and he smiled to himself now that it had finally come to him.

If he had had his way it would never have happened, for he had no ambition to spend the last of his days in the chilled, drab land of his birth; the penetrating cold of a Glasgow winter brought terror to his soul. But the doctors were right: another year and all the latent malaria, dengue and sundry other poisons with which his system had been permeated from time to time would undoubtedly kill him. A severe go of malaria during the last year had nearly done so, and only a miracle had saved him. He must face up to it: he was getting old.

Old! He chuckled to himself. Most of them were old at fifty-five and raced home, with their tails between their legs, expecting a wonderful new life; only to become bitter and disappointed and full of longing to return. Still, go he must, if he wanted to live, and he still liked living a great deal. It was one of life's paradoxes that what remained of his life was to be

spent away from Ah Lam, who wrought the miracle of his living at all, and was his sole incentive to continue. She was to stay.

He had never married. Devoting his life to the service, he had thrust such thoughts in the background. Besides which, in those days of his first tour there was no place for women—European women.

But eight years later, after his first leave, he met a Chinese girl, the daughter of Tan Ah Kow, a bank director.

It was unfitting for Chinese women of good family to meet strangers, and even in their own homes visitors seldom saw them; but a thief broke into the Tan bungalow one night, and her father, impressed with Craig after the gun fight with Hussain, allowed his daughter to be questioned.

AH LAM was seventeen then, tiny and delicate: An olive Dresden figure in a Shanghai gown, who stood no higher than the breast pocket buttons on his tunic, and looked with awe and admiration at the tall square Scot. Questions and answers were made mostly in Malay, with an occasional remark in halting Cantonese from Craig, which brought a smile of delight to her face, overcoming the strangeness.

They told a lot of stories about him in Malaya, he thought, but they told nothing of this one. They knew nothing of the meetings that followed in the nights on the sloping lallang that grew in those days by the Canning light and rolled gently down to the distant sea; of the clear nights when she ran silently from her father's house, a warm smile on her lips, up the rough track that became River Valley Road, between the attap



"You'd be safer here in Singapore," Craig urged. She smiled. "No, Roger. I must leave you"



They drove on with a blasting crescendo of noise. Craig rode the car like a chariot, the Sten spattering flame and death in a white arc before them

shelters along Tank Road, to a casuarina tree at the foot of the hill, where he waited.

The thought of the hazards of their meetings and the shocking risk for them both appalled him now: her family would have immediately disowned her, and his discharge and return home would have been effected promptly. There was no chance of marriage—she refused him that, in the wisdom of her sex and race—nor was there a future of any sort for them, no planning, no hope. They knew that it would end one day and loved while there was opportunity: a deep passionate all-possessing love, urgent but ephemeral, under the night skies of Malaya.

AH LAM married her father's partner when she was nineteen, in obedience to the family. She bore her husband a son, who in turn married, and thus she fulfilled all obligations to her father.

Chief among her disappointments was her son, who grew up to be a drifter and left her with his wife and family. Then her husband died, and so she sold the family bungalow and moved to a smaller place in peaceful Mersing, on the coast of the peninsula. Her grandsons were sent to school in England, and, her daughter-in-law having married, Ah Lam lived alone.

Each week Craig was in the habit of visiting her. The passions of youth had faded, but the old love ripened easily into devoted affection.

Six years at the end of their lives had passed in this manner. Lately, with the bandits on the roads, the arrangement had become impossible, and he had seen Ah Lam only during his

sojourn in hospital. She stayed in a hotel in Singapore, and visited him each day.

He knew that with benign tertiary malaria they expected him to die. He had not realized that his living was so important a factor in anyone's life: he had placed no importance on living or dying; he was resigned to the one or the other, until her concern over him roused a spark of interest in the possibilities that life still held. Through her courage and attention, day by day, he started on a miraculous road to recovery.

"Do you have to go back so soon, Lamb?" he asked.

"I've been here nine weeks. Yes, I will go back in a few days."

"They say I should have died. They sound quite disappointed about it."

"You have a reputation for being tough, Roger—your pride wouldn't let you die in bed."

"You know as well as I do I wouldn't have tried to live if you hadn't turned up."

She took his hand. "You are very kind to say it, Roger. Very kind not to die, too."

She made him sit up while she pushed the pillows into shape. "I should have been a nurse," she said.

"No, you shouldn't."

"By now, I would be a retired matron."

"You should have been Mrs. Craig."

"And have funny children, and live in frozen England."

"Scotland," he corrected.

"More frozen. And funnier children."

They both laughed. It was old argument.

"However," he said, "I do think, in the

meanwhile, you'd be safer here in Singapore."

"But it's much too expensive."

"There's always Loyang."

"That would be most improper. My son's son is now fifteen. Do you think he would like to know that Grandmother has gone to live with an eligible bachelor aged seventy-five?" She smiled at him. "No, Roger. I must leave you."

So she returned to Mersing, and he, later, to Loyang. For several months, although they had exchanged notes, to use the Johore roads at night was inviting the bandits' attention, and he was obliged to stay on the island. However, the last item on the day's agenda was a visit to Mersing—bandits or no bandits.

He drove the car swiftly and competently and, on arriving at Johore Baharu, turned on to the East Coast Road, conscious of a full moon, so bright that he drove without lights; and of an airy lightness pervading his system—the lightness of a boy's heart, going to his first assignation. Any sadness was cloaked by this levity, born of the clear night air, and the sparkle of the moonlight on the sea.

Travelling up country in these days of the bandits, you carried a weapon: he observed the moonlight glint on the barrel of his revolver, lying in the pocket of the car.

Things had changed from those times when you carried nothing more dangerous than a walking stick, and the Chinese or Malay farmers or shopkeepers were delighted to speak to you.

Not that it was altogether gone, that friendliness, but today they might attract the attention

of the bandits if it became known that they associated too readily with Europeans. Certainly at night time nobody used the roads at all—only sentimental old men who had got nothing to lose, he thought.

Just then he saw strange lights and signs of movement on the road ahead, and knowing the locality well, was puzzled and then apprehensive. He judged the movement to be about a quarter of a mile away, and presumed from the fact that he drove without lights that his approach was, as yet, unobserved. He moved the gear lever into neutral, turned off the engine and braked quietly on the side of the road and, leaning over, took the revolver from the pocket.

He opened the door cautiously, and then threw himself flat on the ground as a bullet chipped the rocks high above his head. The thought registered that the shooter was no marksman, and that a certain amount of movement would be permissible. He lay still for a few moments, but felt conspicuous, so crawled towards the sea.

THE sand was clean and dry, and hid him better. Roger Craig lay there panting and wondered what action to take next.

There was no point in attempting to fight it out, and so he considered the possibilities of escape. He decided on swimming—the sea would not be cold—and had edged his way some distance over the sands when he saw the lights go out down the road. The enemy was moving up.

His movement to his right gave him a view to the far end of the beach that had previously been blocked by a low grassy bank projecting from the road, and he paused, screwing up his eyes in an endeavour to penetrate the dark shadow of the grass. What he saw made him catch his breath.

Silhouetted against the black edge of the bank was the outline of a man's head and shoulders, looking straight at him. He took careful aim, for the moment concentrating all his attention on this new menace. Then he frowned, in perplexity, as his eyes overcame the darkness.

The man was facing the bandits. Roger Craig was looking at his back. This was the man they were firing at. A feeling of overwhelming relief made him let out his breath in a long sigh. He looked carefully at the head, and was fairly certain he knew it.

"Giles!" he called in a loud whisper, and had the satisfaction of seeing the head whip round.

"Who's that?" asked a startled voice.

"Craig."

"Oh—God!" the man almost sobbed with relief.

CRAIG crawled forward rapidly, keeping low. "I'm coming up to join you." Giles was a very welcome reinforcement. A man of thirty with war experience.

"What happened to you?" Craig asked when he was alongside.

"They shot my driver and we crashed the bank. I've been here for a quarter of an hour."

"What's your weapon?"

"A Sten. This will be the first time I've fired it."

"A Sten—good. How much ammunition?"

Giles produced two cans from his pockets. "If you like, take the gun and I'll have your revolver."

They exchanged weapons. Craig liked the comforting coldness of the steel across his palm. He outlined a rough plan to Giles as they both crawled over the sand towards the road.

"As soon as we locate these boys, I'll give them a burst or two, and you run for my car and get it started. They'll dive for cover."

"O.K.," said Giles. "But you'll have to move pretty fast."

"I'm quite capable of doing so, young man."

"Yes, sir," whispered Giles, grinning, and they waited tensely.

Presently, Craig nudged him, and held up five

Continued on page 51

The gripping record of a search for a mountain higher than Everest



Explorer Leonard Clark with a technical party during the survey of Anne Machin

THE MARCHING WIND

A WARTIME pilot, flying off course in Central Asia with his altimeter showing more than 29,000 feet, found himself looking up at a mountain towering above him. It was Anne Machin. No white man had ever stood on its slopes.

In 1949, Leonard Clark, a tough American explorer, persuaded the Chinese general Ma Pu-fang to equip him with an expedition to solve the riddle of this uncharted peak. In *The Marching Wind*, Clark has told the full story of his incredible journey, of how—dressed for safety in Tibetan clothes—he penetrated the unknown lands north-east of Tibet.

This is an absorbing story of savage fighting and exotic dancing girls, of the strange mysticism of the Lamas, of feasting and temples . . . above all, of Anne Machin itself, dazzlingly beautiful, worshipped as a god, guarded by fanatical Ngolok tribesmen.

The Marching Wind is fascinating true-life adventure. It will appear next week as a JOHN BULL book condensation—a detachable supplement additional to all the usual features.



**A JOHN BULL BOOK
CONDENSATION
COMPLETE IN NEXT
WEEK'S ISSUE**



1. Dundee Cake 2. Coconut Pyramids 3. Lemon Meringue Pie 4. Satin Creams

Simply delicious— deliciously simple

The successful cooks are those who make things easy for themselves. Here's a little secret that makes a vast improvement to all things cooked with milk and can often take the place of eggs. Make them with Nestlé's Milk. Nestlé's is the purest of country milk so perfectly blended that failure is almost impossible and even a beginner's efforts become fit for a banquet

★

DUNDEE CAKE

10 oz. margarine, pinch of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint plus 2 tablespoonfuls water, 4 oz. mixed peel chopped, 4 oz. blanched almonds, 10 oz. plain flour, 1 large tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 8 oz. currants, 8 oz. sultanas, 2 oz. glacé cherries, finely grated rind of 1 orange and 2 lemons.

Chop cherries and $\frac{1}{2}$ of blanched almonds, put with water, margarine, fruit, chopped peel, grated rinds and Nestlé's Condensed Milk in a saucepan. Bring to the boil stirring all the time, lower the heat and simmer for 3 minutes. Remove and cool. Sieve flour and salt into a mixing bowl. Add bicarbonate of soda to cooled fruit mixture and stir quickly. Add to the flour, etc., and mix quickly together. Put into an 8-inch tin lined with greaseproof, and brushed with margarine. Spread evenly. Put remaining halved almonds on the top. Bake 2½ hours on middle shelf in slow oven 325°F. (mark 2). Cool for about 5 minutes in tin. Turn out on to wire tray. Half the ingredients as above may be used, baking in a 6-inch tin for 2 hours as directed above.

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From penny-an-hour apprentice to motor trade millionaire, he has fought his way up like a mischievous typhoon. Now, at sixty-one, he is Great Britain's top dollar salesman

Sir William Rootes

by WILFRED GREATOREX

DURING A RECENT COAST-TO-COAST business trip across the U.S.A., a slightly built British millionaire with sharp humorous eyes and a stiff gait was held up for three hours at the New Mexico airport of Albuquerque. While the aircraft was being serviced, he got into conversation with a Roman Catholic priest. It was a bitterly cold day and the priest invited him home for a drink. "I didn't stay long," says Sir William Rootes, G.B.E., head of the great motor-manufacturing Rootes Group and chairman of Britain's Dollar Exports Council, "but by the time I left I'd sold him two British cars, one of ours and another make."

A gusty, peripatetic super-salesman with a flair for turning the most ordinary human relationships into business, Rootes loses no time when chasing dollars. At sixty-one, he is his firm's and, by almost universal consent, the nation's number one dollar salesman. He has been travelling to America at more or less regular intervals since the mid-1920s, though more frequently since the war, and has personally sold thousands of British cars—other makes as well as his own Humbers, Hillmans and Sunbeams—in a country where the automobile industry is indigenous.

"Bill was preaching 'export or bust' long before the government took up the cry," says a long-standing associate. "The difference is that he practises what he preaches."

On his earliest missions, Rootes found it hard to convince Americans that Britain had anything roadworthy to offer beyond the traditional Rolls-Royce, but by forceful sales-talk, mainly along the line that the small British car makes a useful second vehicle for American families, he has done much to produce a trading revolution. In 1938, Britain sold fewer than fifty cars to America. Last year, the figure was 26,347—worth £11,167,517.

Rootes prefers to keep his own dollar account figures to himself, but claims they represent five-and-a-half times the prewar sales for private cars, and fourteen times as many commercial vehicles. He rarely lets up in his quest for the dollar, and is not above helping to sell cashmere sweaters and pipelines as well as motor cars.

"I know personally all the stores bosses from Rio to Ottawa," he says, in an accent with a trace of American in it. "I believe in walking right in and getting to know the boss and saying why I'm there."

To ensure that his own brisk sales methods are backed up by action, Rootes, who with his brother Sir Reginald has built up the present-day manufacturing and distributing empire from its small garage beginnings in Maidstone, will take nothing on trust. He tests every model personally before it is marketed, and more than once the staff at Coventry have arrived to find that he has gone off with the latest prototype. They find him exasperating as well as exhilarating to work with.

Once, a special train was laid on for an overseas trade delegation which was to tour the

Coventry works. Everything seemed to have gone without a hitch, even to the supply of morning newspapers on each seat, and the firm's executives were congratulating themselves on the smooth running when Rootes appeared on the platform at Euston. He made straight for the restaurant car kitchen and asked the chef about the menu.

No record exists of what passed between them, but a Rootes official within earshot one coach away recalls: "There was suddenly a mighty bellow. We'd ordered breakfast, but he had discovered that lunch was being prepared instead." With less than ten minutes to departure time, Rootes rounded up his worried executives and had them running between the station catering department and the train carrying trays of ham and eggs. He carried a few himself. "The train," recalls one of those present, "left on time."

From his office overlooking Piccadilly, London, Rootes generates an atmosphere of cyclonic efficiency. Usually, he starts work at 9.15 a.m. and outstays his staff, leaving about 7.45 p.m. When big deals are in the wind and before his trips abroad, however, he frequently carries on until the small hours. He takes a late meal at Le Coq d'Or across the street, and works while he is there. "Often," says his younger son Brian, who at thirty-six is joint managing director of the firm's export division, "we've kept going until five or six o'clock in the morning."

Dictation At Pillar Box

Late one afternoon recently, Rootes set out from the Coventry works for London in his personal 30-h.p. Humber Super Snipe. As chauffeur George Vallet drove, Rootes dictated letters to his secretary, Charles Morris. After a while, he asked which post they would catch with the letters. When Morris said it could only be the midnight collection, Rootes ordered Vallet to pull in at the next pillarbox. Checking that a collection was due in half an hour, he proceeded to dictate a dozen letters to Morris, who was using a portable typewriter on a table folding down from the back of the front seat. After each dictation, Morris sealed the envelope and pushed it through the open car window into the box. "It meant a difference between first and second delivery the next day," says Morris, a forbearing loyalist who has spent twenty years in Rootes's service.

Morris sponges up outbursts that would deter lesser men. One of these occurred during a business flight to Karachi, and just as Rootes was working up to a fine state of annoyance, the captain of the aircraft made his way among the passengers explaining that because of the fuel position some of the load would have to be

A super-salesman steps out. Rootes never loses a chance to sell a car. At nineteen, he sold two hundred in a day—and made £2,000 profit



ditched. On reaching Rootes, whose baggage was heavy, he asked him to select part of it which might go overboard. "Yes," said Rootes, indicating Morris, "he can go." The pilot politely asked him to be serious.

"I am serious," came the reply.

Rootes, who recalls such incidents with gusty chuckles, says: "I'm afraid that Morris was white as a ghost, but at least we landed without losing any of our baggage." He treats his staff with paternal toughness and, as one employee remarked not long ago, "he can chew you up with a few choice words which come out loud and clear."

For all that, he is said never to bear a grudge and is inclined to fire a man only to relent a few minutes later. One member of the firm has been fired so many times without ever going that he has become a symbol of Rootes's outlook.

There is also the story of another man whom Sir William, after several postponements, decided he would have to dismiss. He took him out to lunch to soften the blow, but before he had raised the matter the man revealed that he had been offered a position with a rival firm. Rootes erupted so eloquently on the subject of disloyalty that the man was moved to stay.

When an interviewer mentioned to him this tendency to explode, Rootes replied disarmingly: "Explode? I don't explode. I tell some beggar the truth. Quite a different thing altogether."

Drove Train For Children

Nevertheless, Rootes's sense of staff relations is acute and many of his employees have been with him almost from the start. He regularly asks about the condition of sick employees, and at the opening of a sports field for the staff of a Rootes subsidiary he was spotted driving children around in a miniature train. He rarely forgets the name of anyone on his payroll, though in the hustle of American business he often confuses the names of his New York men, Wimbush and Grimshaw, and calls them Wimbshaw and Grimbush.

"Everyone knows him as a real person and not a remote boss," says one executive. "And if you work eighteen hours in a day you know he's working longer."

When, some years ago, a shortage of Hillman Minxes developed in Canada, Rootes determined to divert seven hundred of them from Coventry to Cardiff and aboard a freighter in six days. It is remembered that he put in more time than anyone to meet the deadline.

Rootes is finicky about tidiness as an aid to efficiency. He will not have a single paper

littering his desk—"I take correspondence in," says Linda Drury, another long-service secretary, "and when I leave, it comes out with me"—and he detests drawers. When his office was refurnished someone made the mistake of installing a new desk fitted with small drawers. Rootes demanded its instant removal and it has since remained in a little-used waiting-room.

He regards smoking as an untidy habit, never smokes before lunch, and in his office not at all. In the directors' dining-room nobody lights up until the midday meal is over. Though Rootes insists that he has never banned smoking in offices, or the keeping of liquor, it is a fact that the Rootes headquarters is virtually a smokeless zone and that the only drink in the building is in the dining-room. Smokers joining his staff tend to become non-smokers, or more moderate smokers.

As a neat and tidy schoolboy who could never bear to see his brush and comb out of place on the dressing-table, William Edward Rootes first showed an eye for a deal at fifteen. Returning to his home at Goudhurst, Kent, one evening, he suggested to his father that he might start keeping poultry. "If I supply the house with eggs," he asked, "will you pay for the feed?" William Rootes senior, who had earlier gone into business as a motor-cycle manufacturer and then branched into car distribution, agreed.

Soon, the boy had six hundred head of live-stock. "My father found it rather an expensive investment and I did well out of the deal. I've never been on such an easy wicket in my life." Presently, he had to take on a man to look after the chickens.

At sixteen, Rootes was apprenticed as an engineer to the Singer company at Coventry and worked for a penny an hour, usually putting in two nights' overtime a week. Three years later, after helping to produce a new model, he asked the firm's sales manager if he could have the agency for Kent, Surrey and Sussex. Through taking part in motor-cycle racing and hill climbs, he knew plenty of potential clients.

The sales manager liked the idea, but pointed out that there would be a £5 deposit on every car. Rootes took a chance. He withdrew his entire savings, including his chicken-venture profits and a nest egg from his father, from the Post Office bank and took two hundred cars. In London, he telephoned his father with the news. There was a low profit margin—£10 per car. "My father was furious," he says now. "He thought I was crazy."

By the time Rootes senior reached London to deliver a reprimand, the boy had sold the cars

and made £2,000 profit in twenty-four hours. "I thought I was a damn sight crazier," Rootes says. "I ought to have made more. But it established me."

He set up in business with one man and a boy and saw to it that they had clean overalls twice a week. The first World War intervened, but on demobilization from the Royal Naval Air Service he resumed the build-up of the Maidstone business with £10,000 capital mainly supplied by his father. Reginald, who had gone into the Civil Service, resigned and joined him, withdrawing all his savings to help to finance the business.

Even in those days, Rootes had grandiose ideas. Joe Chaldecott, now joint managing director of the export division, had hardly joined the firm as a salesman before Rootes told him: "I'm going to be the biggest exporter of cars from this country." As the garage then had no more than forty employees, Chaldecott's reaction was understandable. "I thought he was haywire."

Desert Test For A Hillman

In the next few years, Rootes travelled far, geographically and in the business sense. Often, he would take his sons with him. "More than once," Brian Rootes says, "he would be so immersed in a deal that he would forget about me. I sat waiting outside in the car for hours." The firm expanded into the provinces, notably Birmingham and Manchester, and Rootes became the country's biggest distributor. He sought a manufacturing outlet, and in 1927 bought the ailing Hillman company, following up with Humber, Commer, Sunbeam, Clement Talbot, Karrier and the Thrupp and Maberly coachbuilding firm.

He conducted personally the original tests on the Hillman Minx, and in 1931, because he considered the roads in Britain were not tough enough, he took one over "the rough setts of Belgium, the long, straight roads of France, the twisting roads of the mountains of Switzerland and Italy, and the heat, rocks and sand of the deserts of North Africa and the Near East." If anything went wrong, he and his team, who lived for some time in Bedouins' tents, crawled underneath the car and put it right.

Throughout the Rootes expansion, Reginald, who is as retiring as his brother is forthcoming, remained actively in the background. "I get the ideas," Rootes once told an acquaintance, "and Reggie tells me why they can't be done." Besides expansion by purchase, the Rootes Group built up its own offshoots with assembly plants in Japan, Argentina, Australia, New

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Steady Barker!

Light-hearted satire and brilliant story-telling make Eric Barker's autobiography the show-business series of the year. His whimsical account of his marriage and the struggle to success on radio and TV begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



Boy on a Dolphin

by *DAVID DIVINE*

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

What a scandal this was! And that it should happen to that minx Pero! She would never live it down—and neither would Calder

PERO LOUSTROS, the millionaire's daughter, was disturbingly beautiful—and uncommonly wilful. But Professor Calder, a British archaeologist, was glad of her presence on the Greek island of Mykonos: she had led him to the sunken wreck in which he hoped to find a centuries-old statue . . . of a boy riding a dolphin.

But he did not know that Pero was playing a double game.

Weeks before, with the aid of Guido Torcelli—a young Italian whom she wished to marry—Pero had taken the statue from the wreck and hidden it in an underwater cave.

This was to be her trump card in a quarrel with her father, who disliked Torcelli. Pero knew that her father was interested in the search for the statue: and she hoped that by producing it at the right moment, she would make him consent to her marriage.

So far he had forbidden her even to see the Italian. But she had secured Professor Calder's promise to help her romance—in return for showing him the wreck. The Englishman had sent his companion, an American named Madden, to Athens to try to persuade her father to relent.

Madden had found it a hopeless task. But his visit had not been entirely wasted: he had learned that Guido had become mixed up with Nicomachos, a Greek racketeer, and with an unscrupulous art collector—a Swede named Gunnar Norup. . . .

Guido, in fact, had agreed to steal the statue for Norup. He had secretly and single-handedly moved it from the cave where he and Pero had hidden it, and had found a fresh hiding place.

There it would stay until he completed his arrangements with Norup. Now, even if Pero did take the Englishman to the cave, they would find nothing. . . .

PART THREE

"I Know What Happened"

CALDER lay on his stomach on the hard deck, supporting himself on his elbows. His head was bent over his sketch plan of the wreck. Pero's eye, moving lazily along his back, saw how well the muscles looked in repose. There was not an ounce of superfluous fat on his body. Perhaps he wasn't as old as she had supposed.

Pero wore a Hawaiian bathing costume this morning, with great gaudy flowers. Her hair was dry and very bright in the sun. She would have looked altogether lovely if Calder had been looking at her. But he was concentrating on the sketch.

At last she stretched out one leg and with a delicately-shaped foot prodded him in the bare ribs. He started, jerked up one elbow and turned to her with a rueful smile.

"Talk!" she said shortly. "I'm lonely."

"I'm puzzled." His voice was apologetic but it still held an undercurrent of firmness. "It's



The letter perturbed Pero. What did it mean? What had Guido done now? Everything seemed to have gone wrong

the hole. It doesn't make sense. There shouldn't be a hole there."

"You've been worrying over that hole for two days."

"Can't help it. I've got to find a reason for it."

"But you said it might be that something had collapsed underneath the deck."

"It could be." Calder nodded solemnly over the sketch. "Or it could have been something lashed down to the deck. But if it was, it's gone, and I want to know where."

He looked up at the girl suddenly, and she looked back at him, her eyes candid and her small delicate-boned face full of life and mischief. "Search me!" she said, putting her head on one side.

"Oh, you. . . !" said Calder cheerfully. "Look, I'm almost certain that I know what happened at the time of the wreck. I think that as she went down she shot everything that was loose on her deck over to starboard. That would account for the trail of stuff to the west."

Pero nodded.

"Then before she got to the bottom, she had levelled up," Calder went on. "That would be

the ballast. As a result she came to rest more or less on an even keel. Then she gradually settled in, and the sand gradually settled over her. Two thousand three hundred years is a long time—even under the sea."

Once more he smiled at her. Then like a terrier with a bone he returned to his problem. "But that hole didn't happen two thousand three hundred years ago."

IN a breath he was far away from the girl again, and she sat there looking at him apprehensively, one hand clenched just a fraction of a shade too tightly.

He said after a little: "Three hundred years perhaps, not more."

Slowly the hand unclenched.

More to himself than to her he continued: "Must have been a reasonable time ago from the way the sand's silted over it."

Pero, with her face set in a sweet little smile and her eyes half shut, remembered how carefully she and Guido had taken sand gathered from far away and poured it twenty feet above the hole so that it would float down naturally and inevitably into the perfect simplicity of the pattern of the sea-bottom.

"If anyone had removed anything important there would be marks," said Calder. He paused, then added: "But I expect there's a rational explanation for the hole. We'll find it when we clear the deck of sand."

"We'll find it," echoed the girl happily. It was an achievement to have got this over and done with without Madden. She was afraid of that cynical man.

Lazily she allowed her mind to go back over the tremendous difficulties that she and Guido had had in moving the statue. Then for a moment she gave herself up to remembering the beauty of it, the exquisite head and arms of the boy Apollo, perfectly and superbly preserved in the drifted sand of two thousand years. She allowed herself to giggle—two thousand *three hundred* years.

"What?" asked Calder abstractedly, without looking up.

"Nothing," she answered. "Just happy."

HE straightened himself, folding back slowly and lithely to his knees, and looked at her fondly. "You're a dear. Do you feel like coming down again and holding the tape for me?"

They got their gear on lazily and went over the side without hurry and without fuss. They reached the bottom close to the stern of the wreck, which Calder had marked with a thin metal rod. Pero had the measuring line. He gave the end to her and swam off to the westward to mark the last of the small excrescences on the sea-bed that he had decided were spilled over the side of the ship in the instant of disaster.

He came back slowly, noting the figures on his plastic slate as he came. Then carefully and cautiously he began to work with his hands to clear away the sand at the point where the rod

stood. Intently, cleverly, he worked until a shape appeared—dark, jagged and solid.

Pero was hanging opposite him, her eyes alert, excited. Calder looked at her and said, though he knew that she could hear nothing, "The stem," and worked away until almost a foot of the great timber was exposed.

Carefully he broke off a small fragment of the dark wood. He put it into his pouch and nodded to Pero, and they swam slowly together down the wreck. At the edge of the hole in the centre of the deck, he sank to the sand again. He squatted there, pondering. Pero had pulled away a little, watching him anxiously.

At length he moved and stretched a hand down tentatively. As he did so, Pero came up and touched him on the shoulder. He looked up at her, and she motioned towards the valve of her compressed air cylinders. He could not make out her meaning. A burst of air came out and was followed at once by another, irregular, unusual. She gesticulated again, more urgently.

He stretched out as if to examine the valve, but the girl was pointing upwards with quick jabs of her finger and finally she shot up. At once he followed her.

A moment of panic took him. If her valve gear had failed, there might still be difficulty in getting her to the surface. She was moving easily and the bubbles seemed more regular, but he could not be certain that she was all right; and he knew in an instant of realization how much it would mean to him if the valve failed.

It had never seemed so far to the mirror brilliance of the under surface. They were going up much faster than was normal, faster perhaps than was safe, and yet he was possessed of urgency, almost desperation.

Then, looking up, he saw the long shadow of the boat.

HE helped Pero up the ladder with a quick solicitude and, once on deck, helped her forward, stripping off her belt. She sat down wearily and dropped her head—the mask pulled up over her hair—on to her knees. Her lungs were moving fast and she breathed harshly, stertorously. Almost tenderly he slipped the ugly frog flippers from her small feet. Then he pulled the mask from her head and put it away.

She sat there, fighting for breath. He was not sure what to do. If she could breathe as strongly as this, there was no need for artificial respiration. If the trouble was the dreaded "bends," the pain might not develop until later.

After a while Pero lifted her head with difficulty from her knees. Her voice said faintly: "I'm sorry to give you this trouble."

"I'm so sorry it's happened," said Calder fatuously. "What is it?"

"I don't know." Pero's voice was a little stronger, a most artistic development. "The

valve went wrong. I couldn't get any air. I was choking." Her eyes were enormous, lustrous, full of tears—or it might just possibly have been sea-water. She looked at Calder deeply thankful. "If you hadn't been there. . . . I panicked, I couldn't help it."

There was enough truth in the assertion to account for the eyes. At all costs Calder must be kept away from the examination of the hole until the matter of Guido was settled.

Meanwhile there were three people in Athens who were equally anxious to get things settled with Guido Torcelli. They were Nicomachos, the Swedish millionaire Norup, and old Loustros, Pero's father. . . .

NICOMACHOS'S dark vulturine face was slightly more pinched than usual, the eyes a little more bloodshot. He looked world-weary and spiritually worn. He had a hang-over.

The man sitting opposite him was tall, dark and in no way handsome. "Torcelli has double-crossed you," he said, "and you do nothing about it!"

"Let him be," answered Nicomachos sleepily. "He is only a boy. And anyway there is plenty of time."

"He got away from you once."

"Perhaps he will get away from me again." Nicomachos yawned. "But I think not. And that once will not matter."

"How do you know that it doesn't matter?"

"You told me." Nicomachos allowed his eyes to flicker across at the other man. "He went to Tinos using Norup's name. He hired a caique and sailed down between Mykonos and Delos. He left the caique and swam in—he says—to see Pero Loustros and he swam off when the caique came in the evening. Is that right?"

The tall man nodded.

"He climbed on board the caique in a bathing costume. What could he have concealed in a bathing costume that would have made Norup give him money enough to charter caiques?"

"He might have taken it ashore to Pero Loustros."

"He did not go ashore to Pero Loustros." Nicomachos's voice was cool, remote and dangerous. "If he had done so, all Mykonos would have known. He did not go ashore. It might even be"—he yawned again—"that he is also double-crossing Pero Loustros."

"What will he do next? You cannot watch him all the time."

"Next," said Nicomachos, "he will buy a caique from Yannon Micro-Phillipas at Peros."

"How d'you know?"

"I am a prophet—and besides, he has already put down the deposit."

"And you are going to let him buy a caique? Then you will never know where he is."

"You do not play chess." Nicomachos allowed

his voice to become gently derisive. "Let me put it in terms that you would understand. You are a rat. You know where there is a piece of cheese—exactly. I know where it is—approximately. You must come to the cheese to get it."

The other man was slow to appreciate the insult. He said: "And then you pounce."

Nicomachos exclaimed disgustedly. "Even as a rat you are a fool! No, I let you take it a short distance—and then I take it from you. It is simple. I have hired a boat from Ernstein. We go to Mykonos at midnight."

Norup's harsh voice said over the telephone: "We cannot discuss it like this. You must come to the hotel."

"I can't," Guido answered patiently. "I am being followed everywhere by detectives."

The Swede's tone rose an octave. "What has happened?"

"Nothing to do with—our plan," Guido spoke hurriedly. "It is because of a girl. I can get away from them when I need to but it would be an unnecessary danger to come to you."

The Swede grunted. "What is the plan now?"

"Exactly as before. I will go just after sunrise. The Englishman will not be diving then. I can pick it up in an hour. The two men I have got for the crew are Arabs from Beirut. They will not care. They will not even know what is happening. I will bring it out to sea at the point that we agreed upon and I will bring it alongside your yacht at midnight. There is no change, no change at all."

"I do not like the detectives," the Swede rasped heavily over the phone.

"Do you imagine that I like them?" asked Guido. "But I can get rid of them when I want to—they are not very clever."

LOUSTROS conned the pages of the report irritably, tapping with his fingers from time to time on the polished desk.

The little man opposite him was the head of the detective agency. Nervously, when the shipowner turned over the last page of the report, he said: "There is little there, but that is all there is. He saw the American, Madden, at eleven o'clock in his bedroom. At half-past twelve he handed him a letter at Floca's. He ate at Parmini's and he paid more for his lunch than a student normally pays, so he has money."

"He then returned to his room, where he slept until five. In the evening he went with four other students to the Harmonia. They were there until a quarter past one when he went back to his room. He has not been out yet this morning."

"He knows he's being followed?"

"Possibly," replied the detective unhappily. The same thought had occurred to him.

"Why did he see the American?" demanded Loustros. "Who were the students, and what

did he discuss with them? There is nothing of that here. This report is useless. I do not require to know what he eats. I require to know what he dreams. Find out!"

The little man got up and went out hurriedly. Loustros leaned far back in his chair and tapped on his teeth with a pencil. Finally he sighed heavily and, straightening up to his desk again, pressed the bell for his secretary.

When she came in he said: "Find out which is the next best detective agency in Athens and tell the head of it to be here tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I want results—even if it means hiring every detective in Greece."

THE restaurant was small, and not particularly clean. Nicomachos went into it with a slight gesture of distaste. Guido was sitting by himself at a table in the centre of the narrow room. Beyond him there were two couples at separate tables and beyond them a single man. Otherwise the room was empty.

Nicomachos walked up the room, caught Guido's eye and smiled, a sweet, sad smile. He said as he passed: "Good evening. I am so happy that you have made friends with my Swede."

He took the corner table at the end of the room and sat down. Guido stared after him with his eyes screwed up. The detective, sitting alone, wrote in his notebook: "Nicomachos

Continued on page 32

Pero buried her face against his chest and gave a little wail like a frightened child. He stayed silent and put an arm round her





Goats provide Gilbert Harris with 19,000 gallons of milk and yogurt a year. "Potentially there's a sale for a million gallons a day," he says

Goats invade the dairy

by KEITH ELLIS

Gilbert Harris first tasted goats' milk in the desert. Now his herds vie with the cows to skim the cream off a rich market

SOME TIME AGO, a specialist at a large Midlands hospital rang a Warwickshire goat-farmer named Gilbert Harris and said that he had a patient suffering from infantile eczema. The patient, a six-month-old boy, would not respond to treatment and, since the trouble had started when he was weaned, the specialist suspected that he might be allergic to cows' milk. "Could you provide a regular supply of goats' milk?" he asked.

The boy lived in Stretton-on-Dunsmore, where Harris has his farm. "He was covered with sores from head to foot," says Harris, "and after a few days on goats' milk they seemed to get worse; but there was less irritation and the boy

could sleep. After about a week the rash began to clear up. Thirty-eight days later, the boy was cured."

The child's own doctor was not convinced. "A single case proves nothing," he said. With his partner, he arranged an experiment with fifteen other children suffering from infantile eczema and asked Harris to supply four of them with goats' milk. "At the end of a week," says Harris, "those four had improved so much that the doctor decided to put all the others on goats' milk. Within a month, they were cured." To clinch the case, one of the children was given

cows' milk again. Within twenty-four hours, a skin rash had broken out.

Since doctors now agree that "a fair proportion" of infantile eczema cases are caused by allergy to cows' milk, Harris has a guaranteed market for his products. Six feet four inches tall, with neatly brushed silver hair and a taste for sports blazers and flannels, he is, at forty-four, the only man in Britain to make a living exclusively out of goats.

With his five full-time assistants, he prepares and sends to market around 19,000 gallons of goats' milk and yogurt every year. Most of it goes by train to hospitals, clinics and health food shops throughout Great Britain, but every day he personally delivers a hundred pints in Coventry, mainly to cases recommended to him by doctors. "I've long waiting lists of customers," he says. "At the moment, I have to concentrate on those who need it."

Harris believes that there is a potential market in Britain for a million gallons of goats' milk a day. He claims that goats' milk is richer than cows' milk, that it is more easily digested, and that since tuberculosis is almost unknown in goats it does not need pasteurizing. He says that sixty per cent of all the milk drunk in the world is goats' milk and that in America consumption of the milk has risen from under five per cent of the total to seventeen per cent, in the last twelve years.

Unfortunately, most people who have never tried goats' milk believe that it has a strong taste. To see whether the opinion was justified, Harris and a few friends set up a stall at the Essex Agricultural Show in 1951. They invited members of the public to taste milk from two pails on a trestle table and state their preference on a card. A poster announced that the object

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

of the test would be explained at the end of the show.

Three days later, they revealed that one of the pails had contained cows' milk, the other goats' milk, and that of more than 3,800 people who had tasted both, fifty-two per cent had stated that they preferred the goats' milk.

"Immediately," says Harris, "three women stormed over to our tent to complain that they had been tricked into drinking this filthy goats' milk. We asked for their names and looked up the cards they had filled in. All had said they preferred the goats' milk."

Prejudice against the milk probably springs from prejudice against the animal itself. Most people think of goats as smelly animals. Harris points out, however, that only billies—or bucks—ever smell, and they become offensive only in the mating season.

Nettles Are A Delicacy

Goats are such fastidious eaters that the word capricious was derived from *capra*, the Latin for goat. This was a fact not appreciated by the woman who sent a goat-keeper a sack of old shoes to feed to his herd. Goats will not eat anything dirty or stale. They enjoy browsing on pasture land, and relish such delicacies as thistles, nettles, coarse herbage and hedge-clippings.

Goats are naturally playful and out of sheer curiosity will nibble gaily coloured ties, hats, table-cloths or anything else which is bright. "My girls used to wear green overalls," says Harris, "but the goats tore great lumps out of them. They now wear white."

He also claims that goats are highly intelligent and can develop affections for people as close as those of dogs. "I had one goat," he says, "which took a particular fancy to me. Though she allowed the girls to milk her, I could always get at least an extra pint."

Miss M. F. Rigg, secretary of the British Goat Society, once asked a handyman who had been fixing a bolt on her paddock-gate to remove it and put it where it was inaccessible to the goats. "What on earth for?" he asked. Miss Rigg brought up one of her herd and pointed to the bolt. Immediately, the goat seized it with its teeth, drew it back and pushed open the gate. "It's a trick that has been handed down in the family," said Miss Rigg. "That goat's mother and grandmother could do it."

On Harris's farm, the girls arrive at 8 a.m. each day. Their first tasks are to bottle-feed the kids and scald out the milking equipment. They then give the goats a small quantity of concentrated food such as barley, oats or maize, and milk them. After that, the goats go to pasture.

At first, Harris allowed them to wander freely over the coarse grass, bramble and scrub of his land. One day, a customer from Aberdeen asked to see the goats. "We searched and searched without finding one," says Harris. "After an hour and a half, my customer had to carry on to London, disappointed."

He now tethers a few goats which have marked themselves out as natural leaders and the rest of the herd gather round them. "This also ensures that the land is evenly browsed. Previously, they just went for the juicier bits."

Around ten in the morning, the girls cool the milk, bottle it and bottle the previous day's yogurt. They then make the next day's supply of yogurt by adding two separate strains of bacteria to three-gallon jars of milk at a temperature of 126 degrees. As a sideline, Harris exports the bacteria to twenty-two different countries. His first supply came from the Balkans.

After lunch, the girls clean out the dairy and goat-house and at 4 p.m. lead back the goats. The animals are watered, given concentrated food, and are milked. Then they are returned to their stalls with full racks of hay.

Harris was a manufacturer's agent before the war, and became a specialist signals officer in the R.A.F. In Southern Arabia in 1945, he had

the job of tracking down a gang of Axis-supported bandits who were attacking caravans supplying British bases on the Persian Gulf. "I lived with the Arabs and enjoyed the huge bowls of creamy goats' milk they gave me. Surprisingly, the goats had nothing to eat but desert scrub which looked to me like barbed wire."

When he was demobbed, Harris wondered whether it was possible to keep goats on the millions of acres of Britain's marginal land which it was uneconomic to clear for orthodox farming. For £600, he bought two acres together with a tumble-down shack, stocked them with hens and pigs and bought two goats, for £3 10s. each, to start his experiments.

At first Harris sold the milk locally to ice-cream manufacturers and people anxious to eke out their milk ration. After four months, he bought two more goats and canvassed Coventry doctors. Soon he had a regular demand from patients who were unable to drink cows' milk. Later, he increased his herd of goats to thirty.

Harris saw, however, that to make goat-keeping pay, he would have to do it on a bigger scale. So far, he had made no money at all. In his first year he had lost £150, in his second he had lost £50, in his third he had broken even and in his fourth he had made only £50. Now, he bought a bungalow with ten acres of land, added another twenty-six and rented a further fifty. Gradually, he built up his herd to 145.

A dispute with the railways over freight rates made it temporarily impossible for him to market the yogurt and he had to reduce his herd drastically. When the rates were modified, he built it up again to eighty-five. Now, besides buying milk from three independent farmers, Harris has three "subsidiary" farms on which he owns the goats and buys back the milk.

Harris's main interest is now breeding. When he first started studying goats, he found that the fashionable breeds were based mainly on Swiss goats imported into this country in 1922. Their milk yields were high but the milk had little butterfat. Starting with an Old English billy and a Welsh Hill nanny and mixing in a one-eighth part of Swiss Toggenberg, he has evolved a new breed, dappled black, brown and white, which produces a gallon of milk a day with a high butterfat content.

Food Costs £10 A Year

In Britain, goats are mostly kept by small-holders who have no room for cows. Racehorse owners, dog-breeders and even Jersey cow breeders keep goats to supply milk for their young animals. Others keep them as pets.

Harris reckons that a third of an acre of the roughest land is sufficient for a goat, and the cost of concentrated food is only £10 a year. An average doe costing between £10 and £20 gives upwards of half a gallon of milk a day. The snag is that it must be milked twice a day.

In 1949, Harris employed a slim, attractive girl who was studying medicine at Birmingham University, to do laboratory work as a holiday job. Later she became his full-time assistant. In 1953 they married, and now have a fourteen-month-old daughter named Judith.

Their bungalow is almost completely given over to the business. The dining-room doubles as an office and, until 6 p.m., their kitchen is used only as a laboratory and dairy.

A man of wide interests, Harris writes, lectures and broadcasts about both goats and Arabia. He is currently working on a book about the Queen of Sheba.

Recently, an Irishman drove up to his home and announced that he had just arrived from Brazil. "The cows are so riddled with tuberculosis that we have to drink tinned milk—at 3s. 6d. a tin," he said. "Will you come out to Brazil? You can have a cheque for £4,000."

"He stayed two days and went up to £5,500 before he realized I was too tied up here," says Harris. "However, I promised to let him have a buck and a doe of my new breed in 1957—at a hundred guineas apiece."

THE END



An assistant feeds two baby goats. Later, they will develop a taste for thistles. Once, some of the herd chewed the girls' overalls



Baby Judy, on Mrs. Harris's knee, meets four affectionate goats. Doctors have found that goats' milk will cure some infant eczemas



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BOY ON A DOLPHIN

Continued from page 29

spoke to him. Couldn't hear words except 'Good evening,' Torcelli puzzled.

Nicomachos sat down and ordered dinner with elaborate care. Guido finished his coffee, called for his bill and, after a last glance at Nicomachos, got up and walked to the door. At the door he turned round; this time he looked not at Nicomachos but at the detective as if he were waiting patiently. The detective flushed a little and followed him. . . .

ON Mykonos, Pero led Calder on to the slightly damp flagstones of the mole. The wind was blowing out to seaward, and spray came in from time to time across the moored fishing catques at the farther end.

Madden was in the second boat bringing passengers ashore from the Athens steamer. He came to them hurriedly and a little sleepy.

"Where is he?" demanded Pero.

Madden shrugged.

Calder asked: "Wouldn't Loustros co-operate?"

"Co-operate," answered Madden, "wouldn't quite be the word. Let's go where we can talk."

They walked up the quay. Calder said: "Where shall we go?"

"The house," replied Madden.

"But what is it? What is the matter?" persisted Pero. "Tell me!"

"Let's wait," said Madden. "Had a good time with the wreck?"

"But is he coming?" Pero's voice was filled with an angry pathos.

"Better wait till we get to the house," Madden said, infuriatingly.

Calder said, for the sake of saying something: "I've completed the sketch plan. The one thing that puzzles me is a hole on the deck amidsthips—"

Pero broke in: "But Guido? Is there no message for me—?"

"I have a letter," said Madden without expression. "Read it when you get home. What sort of a hole was it?"

"It looked," replied Calder evenly, "as if something might have been taken out of the wreck at some time."

"Could be, could be," Madden nodded sagely.

Pero at his side said plaintively: "I do not know why you make this mystery."

"No mystery," said Madden, "but it will be better at the house."

They were in the narrow street that led up to the green door now. They went in through the door, and sat down in the garden. It was dark except for the starlight and a narrow arc of brilliance from one of the street lamps that streamed through the ripe pink berries of the pepper trees.

Not until they were settled in their chairs and a tray of drinks had been brought out did Madden finally part with the letter. He handed it over to Pero and said quietly: "I guess you

won't be absolutely thrilled with this."

Pero stared at Madden. "Why?"

"Well, in the first place your father says 'No'. In the second place, as far as I can make out, your boy friend also says 'No'."

Clearly and without passion Pero said: "I do not believe you."

"Okay! Read it."

Pero took the letter, got up, and walked angrily over to one of the windows of the house. Settling herself against the ledge, she tore the letter open and began to read.

Madden and Calder watched her out of the darkness.

She read it slowly. Then she said, her voice very small and almost piteous, "What does it mean, John? What does it mean?"

"I wouldn't know," Madden said. "But for what it's worth, I think your Guido's up to something. He's been going around with a character called Nicomachos. Do you know Nicomachos, Pero?"

"A dirty little man with side whiskers." The girl shivered suddenly, though the night was warm.

"Near enough," Madden conceded.

"Now what do you think Guido has to do with Nicomachos?"

"I don't know."

"Wouldn't expect you to," said Madden soothingly. "He's made another friend too—a Swede named Norup."

"I don't know him."

"Wouldn't expect you to," said Madden again. "I suppose you don't want to tell us what was in the letter?"

"No!" The girl's voice was sharp.

"Well, was it something like this? I love you very much but I've had a better offer for what we found. Do you want to make a bolt for it? If so be ready."

"It was not!" replied Pero furiously. "It was nothing of that."

MADDEN shrugged his shoulders in the darkness. "Norup, the Swede, is an art collector. Your boy friend took him to the Museum. Do you want three guesses as to what they looked at?"

There was a long and painful silence before Pero said in a low, despairing voice: "No."

"I think I would!" Calder's voice had a new authority.

"They spent," said Madden negligently, "ten, twelve minutes looking at the Boy Jockey of Artemision."

"Oh, no! No!" Pero put her hands up to her face.

Madden said: "Why not? It's a nice statue."

Pero turned abruptly, reached the door in three quick steps and disappeared inside the house.

"I suppose," said Calder very carefully, "you wouldn't mind telling me what this is all about?"

"Sure!" Madden nodded. "This is a theory, but it's a theory that seems to stick. Nicomachos—he's a small-time racketeer around Athens—must have



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SHOE-LIFE STORIES... continued



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heard something about this wreck. And he's got a client—Norup, a Swedish millionaire, who ain't particular. My guess is that he made Guido an offer for anything he found in the wreck.

"I don't know what happened then, except that Guido met the Swede and took him to the National Museum and they looked at the Boy Jockey. And—" he enunciated the words very slowly and very clearly "—nothing else. Would you hang anything on that?"

Calder was quiet for a long while, but when he spoke his voice was level and quite without emotion. "I'd hang a good deal," he answered, "if I might put it that way."

"Seen Guido around while I've been away?"

"Good God, no!"

"Guido was away from Athens Monday afternoon and Tuesday. He could have come here."

"I'm sure he didn't," said Calder. "Maybe." Madden shrugged his shoulders. "He was somewhere anyway. What's this hole in the deck?"

"I don't know." Calder's voice was professional again. "It could be an old collapse in the structure. It could be that something was taken away from there comparatively recently."

"What d'you mean 'comparatively'?"

"Two or three hundred years ago."

"It couldn't be that something went a month or so back and the hole was carefully camouflaged?"

Calder stared into the shadows of the garden. At last he said: "I don't know. I can't be certain until we get down to the deck level."

"How big would it have to be?"

"I don't know. Something considerable." His voice was uncertain.

"Something as big as the Boy Jockey of Artemision?"

Calder shook his head vigorously. "No, something much bigger."

"Something as big as the Boy Jockey—sitting on a dolphin?"

"Good God, man, I don't know!" Calder's tone was horrified.

"Well, all we can do is find out. Did you dig in the hole at all?"

"I was going to—" Calder's voice was full of horror again "—I was going to, but Pero got into difficulties with the valve of her breathing gear."

"Now did she? Wasn't that just too bad! My heart bleeds for her." Madden got up leisurely. "I think we'd better talk to her."

Calder, faintly protesting, said: "Oughtn't we to leave it tonight?"

"No! She's down. Let's kick her in the ribs." Madden went into the house. In the little hall he called out: "Pero, my poppet, come on out and come clean!"

A VERY small voice said in something that was between a sob and a snuffle: "I'm here."

He jerked round and smiled at her, and his smile was very kind. He said: "Come on out, my darling, and face the music."

She gathered herself together by what seemed almost a mechanical effort and went out of the door in front of him.

Calder, sitting in his chair, was barely visible in the darkness. His voice was quite cold and without expression as he said: "Well?"

Hurriedly, like a child confessing a fault, she began: "I'm sorry. Oh, I'm sorry! I never thought when we started. . . ." Then she blurted out: "But I didn't lie to you! I didn't! I didn't! I just didn't tell all the truth."

And when Calder still didn't say anything, she went on: "There wasn't

anything wrong with the valve yesterday except that I turned it when you weren't looking."

For the first time Pero looked up at Calder's face. Even in the shadow he could see the tears as she went on: "We took the statue away because we wanted to bargain with my father; and now. . . ." She broke down utterly. "Oh, it's all gone wrong! It's all gone wrong!" Suddenly her head was buried against Calder's chest and she was snuffling wildly. "And I haven't got a handkerchief."

He could feel the wet of her tears through his thin shirt. Quite without thought his hand went down to his trousers pocket for his own handkerchief. Equally without thought his other hand went round Pero's back. He could feel the warm softness of her through her frock.

Madden tiptoed down the path and went into the house. As he went he heard Pero's voice say: "Oh, Guido! Guido! What have you done to me?"

IN the morning, Pero was entirely recovered. She chattered gaily all the way down the mole and through the ceremony of the starting of the engine. The two ancients who operated the boat were infected by it. They became gay too.

As the caïque got under way, Pero began to tell Calder and Madden the real story of how she and Guido had found the wreck. Gaily she described their difficulties in freeing the statue.

Her eyes were sparkling, her exquisite, small-boned face lit with the divine light of eagerness. Madden thought that he had never seen her look so lovely. Calder sat on the gun-whale, smoking his pipe and watching her. His eyes never left her face.

It had taken three days to free the statue. On the third day they had got it upright and seen for the first time the transcendent beauty of its conception.

"I cried," said Pero softly. "I couldn't help it. It was silly, but I cried." She looked at Calder with a different, graver beauty. Then without waiting for an answer she went on: "It was terrible taking it away. I have never been so tired. We took it to the cave because we knew that there it would be safe."

They had reached the first headland now. Pero turned from Calder and spoke to the ancients, who altered course, standing in towards the coast.

"How did you move it?" Madden asked lazily, and Pero told how they had filled the dolphin with air from the breathing apparatus. "It took us a long time, but at last we walked with it into the cave. It was—" her face was radiant—"It was like walking with a god."

A little later the cliffs were towering over them. They stopped fifty feet off, and Pero and Calder slipped on the breathing apparatus.

Pero said: "That is our mark." She pointed out deep grooves on the cliff face. "The cliff goes down straight for ten metres, then there is a ledge. From the ledge it goes down like a very steep slope. The bottom of the cave is at fifteen fathoms."

She smiled sadly at Calder and he felt his heart wrung by the gentle sorrow of it. Even Madden felt that at last they had reached truth.

They dropped into the water more slowly than ordinarily. To Calder the moment was so important that his excitement was almost beyond control. He showed it by the deliberation of his movements, the heavy dreamlike quality of his first downward plunge.

They reached the sea bottom. The

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"Well, somebody should have remembered that next year is leap year!"

vast mouth of the sea cave loomed over them and they went into the depth of it. Clean sand opened before them. Light filtered in, and with a wild eagerness Calder stared over the sandy floor. There was no statue. There was nothing there at all.

The dream broke, Calder turned to the girl. Her face was turned to him. It was almost impossible to see inside her mask, and yet he had the feeling that she was collapsed. The lines of her body drooped. She seemed shrunken, very small.

He thrust out one hand, caught her shoulder and with the other gestured towards the cave mouth. Outside, he stopped her while he scrawled furiously across his plastic underwater slate in enormous, angry letters: "Where is it?"

She read the words and he could see her head shake, could see the little helpless gesture of her shoulders.

He wrote: "Is this the wrong cave?" and her head shook again.

Calder wiped the slate clean and wrote on it: "Come up! You're going to get the beating you need."

He swam upwards, and shot out of the water close to the caïque like an indignant seal. He strode over the bulwarks and slipped out of his gear as Madden came beaming towards him.

The elder ancient leaned far over the bulwarks to take Pero's cylinders from her back. As he lifted them inboard she came up the ladder and sprawled over the bulwarks.

Calder bent down, grasped her firmly by the left shoulder and held her. The blue bathing costume fitted with a delicate and expensive neatness round her waist. The silk of the bathing costume spread beyond it and enlarged into two perfect hemispheres.

The flat of Calder's hand landed smartly on their perfection. Pero gave one amazed and injured wail and the hand came down again.

THE boat heaved over the swell, but Calder never lost his aim. Only once he missed the target and three red finger weals showed where the golden skin began again below the blue.

The ancients stood motionless. A shock wave had drained the expression from their faces.

Madden, standing two yards back on the other side, exclaimed softly: "Boy, oh boy, oh boy!"

With a final tremendous slap Calder shifted his grip, put both hands under Pero's arms and lifted her on board in one quick jerk.

He dumped her down on her heels in front of him. "Now will you behave yourself?" he said.

She took one horrified look at him and buried her face against his bare chest. She gave a little wail like a frightened child and the wail suddenly became the words: "Oh, Alan! Alan!"

Calder abandoned his heroic stance and looked down at the wet, fair hair. Quite quietly he put his arm round her.

Madden walked past and stood before

the gaping ancients. "You've heard nothing, and you've seen nothing—understand?" he said. "And, by God, if you say anything I'll harry you for the rest of your lives!"

Gravely the elder ancient faced him. He said: "We love her. We love her very much. Never will we speak of this, to anyone."

The caïque chugged its way soberly across the bay to the mouth of the harbour.

MADDEN had taken charge. It seemed useless to expect connected thought from either Calder or Pero for the moment. Pero had dressed and was sitting silently on the ledge below the cabin top. Calder was sitting on the coaming at the other side of the cabin, looking faintly ashamed of himself.

A long, low-built boat, a pleasure craft of some sort, crossed into the harbour half a mile ahead of them, coming apparently from Syra. Two men were fishing off the mole. Mykonos looked almost heartrendingly innocent. It had a white, virginal purity.

So had Pero above the bright stripes of her jersey. Calder was redder than usual. He looked surprisingly young. They turned into the harbour and moored in their usual berth.

"I suggest that we all have a good stiff drink," Madden said, "and sit in the shade and think things over."

"It would be best," agreed Calder. Pero said nothing.

Madden led them to the farthestmost table of a café.

When the glasses had come, Madden lifted his. "Well, here's to everything!"

Calder, looking with troubled eyes at the girl, said quietly: "What do you think has happened, Pero?"

"There were the marks on the floor," she answered miserably. "You must have seen them."

Calder admitted with a quick surprise: "Yes, there were marks. I didn't take any notice of them. I was looking for the statue."

A flicker of passion crept into Pero's voice. "I wasn't lying. You know I wasn't!"

"I know," said Calder "—now."

Madden stared at them in despair. "Look! The statue was there. Now there are the marks of a statue. But marks are no damn use to anybody. Where's the statue gone?"

"Only Guido knew it was there." The despair in the girl's voice was complete now.

"And only Guido had a plan for selling it for a small fortune."

"How d'you know?" With a flash of the old Pero the girl turned on him. Madden said imperturbably: "I steamed open your letter on the way across."

"Oh!" exclaimed Pero, "you are impossible! That was not fair."

"All's fair in the kind of war you used to fight, my poppet. Guido's taken it all right. The point is where? Now listen! Guido disappeared

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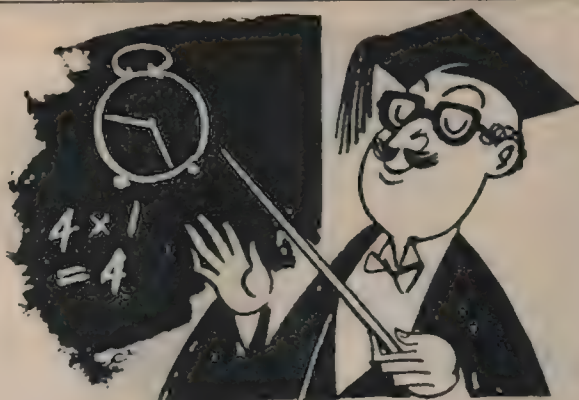
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"That's what comes of not using Blank's self-raising flour"

from Athens, Monday noon. If he got on to the afternoon boat he could have gone ashore at Tinos by ten o'clock. He didn't come ashore here because this town just can't keep its tongue quiet. That gave him the whole of Tuesday."

"We can at least find out if there has been a Tiniot boat in the channel here," suggested Calder.

Pero turned and was about to call the proprietor when the chief of police came into view. Pero waved to him. "Micon!" she called.

He came over with a reluctant suspicion.

"Micon," Pero said, "would your policemen have noticed if a strange boat was in the channel between here and Delos on Tuesday?"

"I would not think so," the chief of police said. "There is no law against strange boats using the channel."

"We need to know only if a strange boat was working in the channel and, if it was, where it went and what it did. Who will know?"

"George," asserted the chief of police without hesitation.

"And who's George?"

"George is a boy—I say a boy, but he is a devil, a devil incarnate of twelve—who is supposed to look after the goats on the hill above the point."

"I remember!" Pero's face lit up suddenly in the old way. "It was he who saw you kiss the American girl when you were rowing her back from Delos."

"It was an error," said the chief of police with dignity, "due to a trick of the light. He sits there, this boy, on a ledge of the cliff, and he sees everything. I will send for him." He got up and began to move away.

They waited quietly, while the proprietor refilled their glasses.

CALDER had placed the small section of the admiralty chart which covered Mykonos and Delos flat on the table top. He seemed to find considerable food for thought in it. He was still poring over the chart when there was a small tumult beyond the shops, and a policeman appeared holding a boy by the collar. He was followed by three more small boys and the small girl Theodore, the island's chief little gossip.

The boy said as soon as the policeman stopped: "Why am I arrested? What have I done?" He looked at Pero, avoiding Calder's eye.

Calder said quietly: "It's all right, George, you've not been arrested. We just want to ask you a few questions. Tell us anything strange that you saw from the cliff on Tuesday."

"When the boat from Tinos came?"

"Perhaps. What time was that?"

"Late," said the boy. "Guido was in it."

Madden smacked his hand down on his thigh.

"Guido?" said Pero, faintly. Calder demanded: "Are you sure?" The boy looked at him, doubtfully

and slightly afraid. "Sure. He put on his diving things and he went over the side."

"The caique had stopped?"

"No, the caique did not stop. It went on. He swam under the water in towards the cliffs."

"And then?" Calder asked eagerly.

"Do I have to tell him this?"

the boy asked Pero.

"You must tell him everything."

"All right. I saw him dive deep and he did not come up again, and I guessed that he swam round the corner and across Korfos Bay to see Pero. It was not my business, so I said nothing." He looked at the girl fully. "I would say nothing of anything like that which had to do with you."

Calder asked remorselessly: "And then? Was that the end of it?"

THEODORE, who had sat herself down at a table and was resting her chin on her forearm, chipped in scornfully: "No, it was not. Guido came back."

"Be still, Theodore!" said George with dignity. "This is my story. Yes, he came back. I saw him on the ledge below the cliffs."

"How long was he away?"

"An hour, a little more perhaps."

"And then?" Calder asked eagerly.

"Then the caique came back. He swam out to it, under the water."

"Did it stop long?"

"Only for him to climb on."

"Did he take anything out to it?"

"Nothing," said the boy. "Not even the bag that he brought in with him."

"Phew!" Calder lay back in his chair. "That's that. It's still here."

The boy disregarded him. He edged up to Pero and asked anxiously: "Did he hurt you?"

"Oh!" Pero found a new meaning and tone for the monosyllable.

"I saw," said George. "I saw everything."

"Have you told—?"

"I have told no one," replied George compassionately. "Only my sister."

"Only your sister!" gasped Pero faintly.

"And his sister told me," said Theodore. "Doesn't it hurt to sit on the iron chairs?"

"Oh, my God!" Calder stared at the child completely horrified.

"Theodore," said Madden firmly. "clap your glad wings and fly, or you won't be able to sit down even on foam rubber for a month."

Theodore rose with dignity. As she turned away she said sadly over her shoulder: "You at least did nothing to help her."

"Now how in heaven's name did that angel child pick up all the details in the time?" Madden said. "Hey—where's George?"

"Gone," said Pero. "It does not matter. All is now lost."

"On the contrary," said Madden. "Guido hasn't got away with the statue yet, and that's all that matters."

Calder said: "This is the position as

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I see it. Guido heard that I was here, and he was afraid you would tell me where the statue was. The stakes were high because of this Swede, Norup. He couldn't arrange to get the statue away in time so he decided to hide it until he was ready. The point is—where?

"We have no indication as to the direction he took when he moved from the cave. We have only a time factor." He paused for a minute, wrinkling his forehead. "What exactly did George say?"

"An hour, a little more perhaps." Pero was leaning forward on the table with her chin on her hands. The eagerness was coming back.

"Call it an hour and a half," said Calder. "He couldn't have swum all the time and the outward journey must have been slow—very slow since he was moving the statue. It must have taken time to fix whatever gear he took with him and he must have taken time to get into position at the other end. So I don't think he could have gone too far. My estimate is that he couldn't get farther than three-quarters of a mile either way along the cliffs."

He stood up. "We will search the northern section this morning and the southern this afternoon," he said. "And now you'd better wait here—I have to make arrangements with the police."

"But please—" Pero looked up at him beseechingly "—what arrangements?"

Calder put his hands in his pockets and looked down on her slightly aloof. "A valuable statue has been illegally removed," he said quietly. "Certain necessary steps must be taken."

"Oh, please!" she almost wailed. "Oh, please! Let us take the steps. Micon is sweet, but it takes time for him to think. Nothing will be done that is of any use and what is done will be too late. And there will be scandal, scandal, scandal. There is—" her head hung down sadly "—scandal enough for me already."

"Nonsense!"

"Wait," she said. "Look!" Two girls came along the quay just outside the line of the tables, friends of Pero's. They smiled at her very sweetly, very gently. Then their eyes went from Pero to Calder and they looked him up and down with obvious admiration.

"You see?" begged Pero desperately. "See what?" asked Calder.

Madden said: "Those two little witches were admiring your brawny shoulders."

"Oh, I didn't realize! Yes, I see what you mean." Calder flushed in a quick confusion. Then he said reluctantly: "But simply to cover myself I must inform the police."

Theodore, her brother and two boy friends came past. Calder was almost sure he heard Theodore say the one word: "Brute." A woman came by—it was the ordinary morning traffic up and down the quayside, yet as she passed, Calder, acutely sensitive now, saw her eyes on him and saw her give a quick sideways jerk of her head that almost shouted admiration.

Two men were walking down the mole. They appeared to have come from the strange craft that had preceded them into the harbour and was now moored at the end of the pier. They turned at the base of the mole and walked along the quay. Calder, hypersensitive by now, felt that they at least would not harass him.

He was surprised, therefore, when Madden, who had relaxed in his chair again, came slowly upright. The two men went past deep in conversation, heading evidently for the hotel.

When they were well clear Madden said at last: "Now isn't that nice?"

"Isn't what nice?" Pero framed her question miserably, doubtful if anything could ever be nice again.

"You didn't look at the beautiful strangers," replied Madden.

The girl stared after the retreating backs. "Should I?"

"Sure. One of them's our little friend Nicomachos."

To be continued next week

It's The Custom...in Hinton St. George



With these punkies (lanterns), children parade round Hinton

The night for their mangold lanterns

SHARON HAINES was four when she first took part in the Punkie Night festivities at Hinton St. George, in Somerset. When darkness fell, she rushed out into the village street to join the other children, carrying her mangold lantern.

After a few minutes, the candle burned through the side of the lantern, and it fell to pieces. "Sharon's first Punkie Night ended in tears," says her mother.

Every year, on the evening of the fourth Thursday in October, the children of Hinton St. George—round about sixty of them—come out with their mangold lanterns and parade through the village singing:

It's Punkie Night tonight,

It's Punkie Night tonight,

Adam and Eve wouldn't believe,

It's Punkie Night tonight.

They call at every house, and form groups to try to sing the others down. The fun continues till the candles burn out.

To make their lanterns, the

children cut intricate designs on the skins of mangolds—bearded faces, ships, animals, windows, geometric patterns. Then they scoop out the flesh until there is only a quarter inch of it left to support the skin. Candles are stuck inside the hollowed mangolds, and they glow in the dark with a warm golden light.

Many years ago, a constable decided that Punkie Night should be stopped. He halted the children and said they were causing a nuisance and an obstruction.

But higher authority would not support him—and the attempt to end the old custom failed.

One tale about the beginning of Punkie Night dates it to a night in the early eighteenth century when the men of Hinton St. George left their cottages and went to Chiselborough Fair. They drank too much cider and could not find their way home—till they made mangold lanterns to light their path to Hinton through the fields.

PRIZE OF SANTENAC

Continued from page 15

it in the middle of the culvert where the drain runs into the river. And perhaps you'd better line two more up between them."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Richard.

"And while you're at it, you can pace the distances."

Richard groaned and departed. The girl set up the theodolite in line with the pole and centred it expertly with a plumb bob.

After breakfast the professor demonstrated on a piece of paper to Monsieur Potier.

"It is really quite simple," he said. "The old drain, or water culvert, ran past the front of the original château and emptied into the Garonne at the water gate. When de Sessac wanted a handy place to bury his treasure he sealed off a section of the drain and circumnavigated it with a semicircular canal; so that, when the surface was restored, all was in order. Water appeared to flow straight down the culvert."

"Nobody was to guess that, in fact, a short portion was sealed off and bypassed. The precise spot can be ascertained by triangulation—a surveying term, you understand."

"It will be an operation of difficulty?" asked Monsieur Potier.

"My daughter, whom I have grounded in survey, has practically

completed it. This afternoon we should be in a position to start digging."

The soil of a vineyard is stony and inhospitable. For an hour now Monsieur Potier's labourers had been at work in shifts.

One of the diggers said something.

"Indeed," said Monsieur Potier. "That will be of interest to you. He opines that where he is digging, the soil has been disturbed before. Not very recently but—ah ha!"

There was a clink as the mattock rang on something hard.

"Spades, now!" said Monsieur Potier. "It should be—yes it is—the roof of the culvert. Professor Bickersteth, I offer my congratulations to your daughter on the superlative accuracy of her survey. We shall need crowbars and hammers now."

"Yes," said the professor. "I'm afraid it looks very much as though the top of the brickwork has at some time been removed in three large pieces, and then replaced. The breaks are evident. And they are certainly not seven hundred years old."

"A crowbar there, Jacques," said Monsieur Potier. "And another there! Leverage will do it."

"The brickwork itself," said the professor, "is clearly medieval. Lovely

workmanship indeed. Richard, could you lend a hand? That's right. Up she comes! The other pieces will be easier."

Eight pairs of eyes stared down into the neat, brick-lined cavity. It was absolutely and completely empty except for the workman standing in it.

The professor bent forward, and said: "But that is amazing."

Emilia choked. Richard found it difficult to say whether she was going to laugh or cry. His own feelings sat plain on his honest face.

"Extraordinary!" went on the professor. "Allow me." He took up one of the crowbars and descended into the hole. "You observe the brickwork at this end?" he said. "How do you explain it?"

"Explain what?" said Monsieur Potier, breathlessly.

"It is not more than a few years old. Twenty, perhaps. The bricks are quite new. If you would hand me a hammer, I fancy I could unseat one of them."

In five minutes the inner wall was down. The professor thrust in a long arm. "It's too heavy for me," he said. "But I can see the end of a wooden case. Perhaps your men could draw it out. But let me beg of you to handle it carefully. If my suspicions should prove correct..."

Two hours later Monsieur Potier and the professor sat in the shuttered library. Behind them, in the corner, lay the fragments of a packing case. Before them, in a wicker cradle, lay a dusty bottle.

"It would be better, I think," said Monsieur Potier anxiously, "to keep it almost flat. If it has been fifteen years or more undisturbed in its present hiding-place it must have thrown a considerable sediment. Shall I draw the cork now?"

"Fifteen years," said the professor. "You think—?"

"To my mind, these were concealed in 1940, when the Germans came. The owner then was Guy de Sessac. I knew him slightly."

"You think that the de Sessacs knew of this hiding-place?"

"Undoubtedly. See, we are in luck. A fine cork, quite unperished."

"And had removed the treasure, bit by bit?"

"And disposed of it bit by bit. After all, why not? It belonged to them. Then when the Boche arrived, de Sessac had an empty hiding-place all ready. Into it went his finest vintages. He died before the end of the war. The secret might have been lost."

"To think," said the professor, "that this God-like wine might have perished untasted." He held the thin glass up to the light and looked lovingly into the clear, deep red heart. "A Château Santenac of the great year 1924. Probably the last dozen bottles left in the world."

"Six for you and six for me," said Monsieur Potier. "It is no use arguing, I insist."

"Monsieur," said the professor, "I am over-rewarded."

"It is strange," said Monsieur Potier, looking out of the window to where Richard and Emilia sat beside each other on the terrace, "that although you found no gold, you have, all three of you, found treasure."

A servant came in. "There is a gentleman," he said, "who asks for Monsieur Potier. He states that his business is urgent."

Monsieur Potier looked at the card. "Monsieur Plon," he said. "Have I the pleasure—?"

"I have had that pleasure," said the professor, with a shudder. "He comes in search of treasure. I thought we had thrown him off, but evidently he has perseverance. It will do him no harm to keep him waiting before you break the news to him."

"Very well," said Monsieur Potier. "Tell Monsieur Plon that I will be with him—soon."

The professor picked up his glass again.

"Besides," he said, "if you were to ask him up now we should have to share this bottle with him, and I can assure you that he would not really appreciate it. . . . Monsieur, your health."

THE END

CUT OUT THESE SUPPLEMENT PAGES ALONG DOTTED LINE. FOLD OVER AT CENTRE TO FORM A BOOK



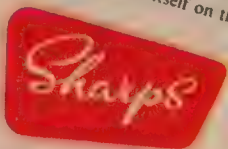
Give a gay gift -
give Sharp's



...and they know how I adore them!



Don't let that gentle air fool you ...
Aunt Edith knows a good thing when she sees one!
And she's just caught a glimpse of the Sharp's
gay gift tin in the family parcel.
She'll be sweetness itself on the 25th ...



TOFFEES FOR CHRISTMAS

FOLD AT EDGE OF PICTURE

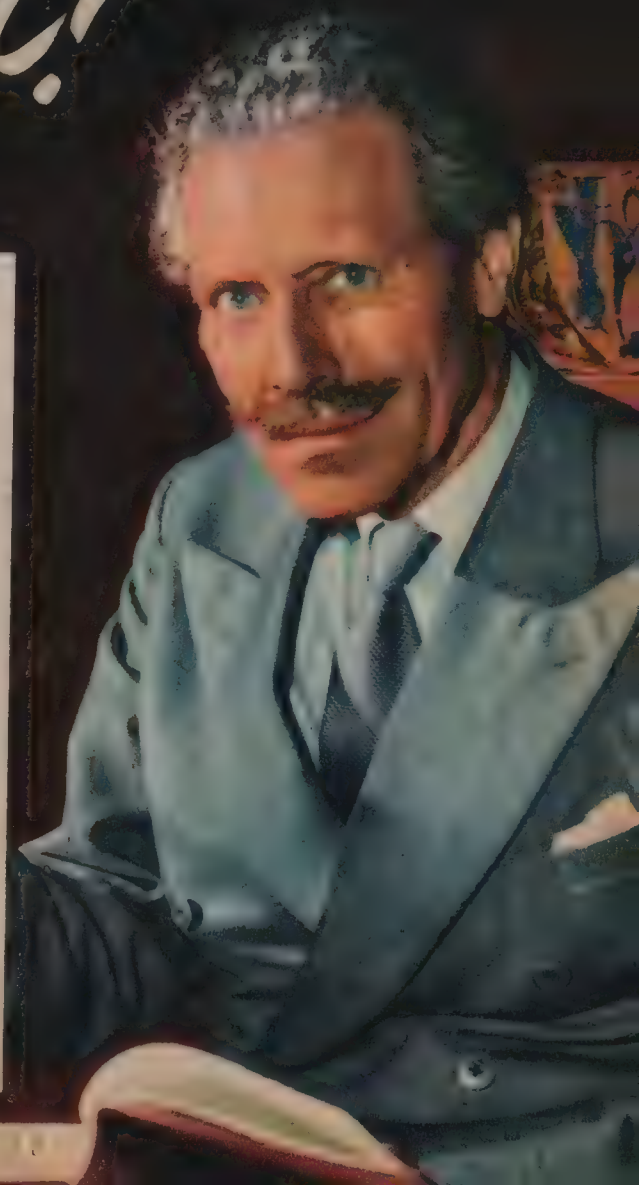
John Bull's Guide to Modern
Knowledge. Introduced by
SIR MORTIMER WHEELER

How
up-to-date
are you?

TODAY we are all specialists. When our senior learned society, the Royal Society, was founded in the time of King Charles II, it was still possible for a single inquiring mind to comprehend almost the whole of knowledge. A man like Sir Christopher Wren could turn lightly from the study of astronomy or medicine to the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Royal Society itself ranged over all manner of objective science, and a list of its miscellaneous aims issued in 1718 ended with Husbandry, Gardening, Planting and Antiquities—a sufficiently suitable order of priority.

But today, in a world of feverish competition, we cannot make the grade unless we are each of us master of a skill in a measure which might have



EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD., OF MAIDSTONE, KENT. "The Toffee Specialists"

baffled Sir Christopher Wren. Today, it is true, the learning of an Isaac Newton is contained in a college course; but beyond it lie new horizons towards which we can pick our chosen way only by a studious concentration of effort and experience. Most of the vast landscape lies beyond our ken. Whether we be Fellows of the Royal Society or just plain you and me, we are doomed to perpetual ignorance of the great bulk of modern knowledge.

And yet today we have opportunity as never before to understand something of what the other man is doing. Our press is constantly informing us of new activities, new discovery, sometimes of a formidable kind.

Books are devoted in increasing numbers to the popularization of science and the arts. "Steam radio" and above all (I am told) television are increasingly active in the introduction of knowledge, new and old, to the domestic fireside.

If my informants are correct, a recurrent museum programme on television is tolerated by from four to six million viewers who are under no compulsion whatever to look at it at all. And this astonishing statement has been supported recently by personal contact—for example, with a railway porter on a remote station platform in Wales, an admiral in Edinburgh, and a refugee from St. Trinian's who tackled me mercilessly in the lounge of a hotel at Delphi in Greece.

I was left in no doubt as to the extent and avidity of the new audience which, itself with no specialist knowledge, is ready to listen patiently to plain and straightforward exposition.

Two aspects of this new and large-scale zeal are worth emphasizing. First, the spread of popular interest in a widening variety of subjects beyond the normal reach of the average citizen cannot fail to enhance our sense of solidarity, our mutual understanding of one another: in a favourite word of the moment, to *integrate* a little the complex society in which we live.

It is something more than idle curiosity that interests us in the man who looks at stars, the man who drives a bus, the man who tends the great sewers under London, the man who digs up Abraham's city of Ur, the artist who paints the portrait of the Queen. Intelligent appreciation of our neighbours and their works is a social virtue, whether practised consciously or not.

But there is another factor in all this new zest for knowledge. Today, a large part of the task of discovery is financed by the State, that is, by the public itself. Were it not for public funds, our universities would close tomorrow. Were it not for public funds, nine-tenths of the scientific work carried out today in Great Britain would be impossible. If I may single out my own trade, more than nine-tenths of the exploration carried out today by British archaeologists is dependent upon State support.

In other words, today the great public is itself the patron of the sciences and, to a somewhat lesser extent, the arts. And it is surely fit and proper that the great public should know, however superficially, how its money is being spent. Broadcast information, whether by print or by radio, is in this sense, too, a social duty on the part of the specialist, who may thus in some slight sense reward his patron.

These are some of the reasons why I am glad to welcome this fresh and enterprising attempt of JOHN BULL'S to present knowledge to a wide public in intelligent and palatable form. There is every reason to suppose that the public is, on its part, ready to welcome it with understanding.

AGRICULTURE

EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, the world's population increases by 65,000. The curve is rising steeply. Today there are 2,500 millions; in thirty years there may be 4,000 millions of people. They will have one thing in common: the need to eat.

Apart from temporary local surpluses (wheat in North America, coffee in South America), the world has never had more than one year's food supply. Crop failure in one year can bring widespread starvation. Famine in Bengal in 1943 killed an estimated five million.

Less than one-third of the world's total land area is climatically suited for crop growing—enough to provide five acres for every man, woman and child. Only one and a half acres per head are actually used to grow food.

Modern scientific agriculturists are seeking ways of growing crops on the other three and a half acres per head; and they are trying to increase the yield from the productive acre and a half.

Drought-resisting grasses, bred at experimental stations, are being sown in areas with low rainfall in Canada, the United States, Australia and Africa to provide new land for ranching. By supplying elements such as zinc, copper and molybdenum, which were missing from the soil in parts of South Australia, 300,000 acres of barren land have been turned into productive farms.

In Northern Queensland, 315,000 acres are now being developed for arable crops, largely by mechanical farming and improvement of living conditions to attract workers to this empty area.

Irrigation work has begun in the Sudan with the object of adding three million acres of reclaimed desert to the one million acres of former desert where cotton and wheat now grow. In Holland, land is being reclaimed from the sea. In Britain, ploughmen have turned over, since 1939, an extra five million acres.

Even so, outside the U.S.S.R., the area under major crops throughout the world has increased by less than three per cent since 1939.

To increase the fertility of land already in use, farmers in industrial countries rely on manufactured chemical manures to augment organic manures and compost. The chemical fertilizers, nitrogen (extracted from the air) and phosphorus and potassium (found in natural deposits) can be produced in unlimited amounts. Since 1938, world consumption of nitrogen has risen from two million to four million tons. The latest development is to coat the seed, before it is sown, with the nutriment it needs.

PLANT PROTECTION

Plant breeders are raising yields by producing more fruitful strains. In this way they have raised wheat yields in Britain and Western Europe by ten per cent compared with prewar. In North America, breeding of hybrid corn has almost doubled the prewar yield of maize, and new quick-ripening varieties have extended the maize-growing area northwards. Pedigree grasses and clovers, bred in experimental stations for their nutritious qualities, are replacing natural pastures in dairying countries.

"Plant hormone" chemicals are now being extensively used. They are manufactured chemical

new atoms of hydrogen that appear in space from nowhere.

The explosion theory presupposes a beginning and an end for the universe. The continuous creation theory would mean that the universe had no beginning and will have no end.

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WORLD AFFAIRS

PANDIT NEHRU, Prime Minister of India, was asked at a press conference in London earlier this year: "What is the greatest single danger to peace?"

Nehru answered: "Fear."

Fear of what the other side will do with the atom and hydrogen bombs has dominated world affairs in the ten years following the war. Distrust has forced East and West to manoeuvre for power. And under-privileged peoples in Asiatic and African colonies have often found their own struggles for independence used as pawns in the bigger game.

Defeat of the German Nazis, the Italian Fascists and the Japanese militarists left two antagonistic systems—Communism and Capitalism—agreeing to live together without either really believing co-existence to be possible.

The peacetime decade began on a note of optimism with the formation of the United Nations at San Francisco in 1945. This organization was to serve as a watchdog over the peace of the world.

But America had emerged from the war in sole possession of the atom bomb. Worried by this disadvantage, Russia adopted an aggressive, self-protective policy. Playing for time, Russian representatives used the power of veto (agreed under Russian insistence at the Yalta conference in 1945) twenty-eight times in the first three years of the United Nations.

The Potsdam conference of 1945 left Russia in control of Eastern Germany. The Russian Army was in Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, Eastern Austria, Persia. All except the last two set up Communist governments and were eventually joined together in the Cominform, which originated in 1947.

There were setbacks to the Soviet plan. Yugoslavia, determined to try Communism in a way that fitted better with her own conditions, rejected Russian domination and was expelled from the Cominform. The Communist-led insurrection in Greece was overcome by the Greek Army helped by the British Army and American military supplies, and the Greek people voted for the return of their king.

Meanwhile, Communist armies under Mao Tse-tung finally defeated Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang troops, and Chiang retreated with the remains

of his army to the island of Formosa. America gave arms and other material aid to Chiang, as she did to Japan. South Korea and the Philippines, Japan and Formosa formed a chain-like American stronghold stretching along the eastern coasts of the Communist world.

Loss of China to the Communists was only one of two shocks that hit America at the end of 1949. The other was the knowledge that Russia now had the atom bomb. The fear that had motivated the Russian moves swept America. The China Lobby, a group of business men who had money invested in China, persuaded Congressmen and Senators to back the exiled Chiang as the true leader of China, though Britain recognized the Mao Tse-tung Government on the grounds that it was no use ignoring an accomplished fact.

In June, 1950, Communist North Korean forces advanced on South Korea. Two days later, President Truman ordered American air and sea forces to support South Korea, and later the United Nations backed wholesale intervention with the aim of "containing" the war and preventing it from spreading into a third world war.

A dangerous moment came in November, 1950, when General MacArthur took his United Nations forces through North Korea in an advance towards the Chinese border, and Chinese troops from Manchuria entered the war on the northern side.

A month later, Clement Attlee, then Prime Minister, flew to Washington to talk with President Truman. Soon afterwards, Truman recalled MacArthur who had wanted to bomb China.

MOVES FOR INDEPENDENCE

Side by side with the manoeuvring for strategic position among the great powers has been the struggle for independence by subject nations. The greatest victory in this struggle was won by India and Pakistan in 1947, when Attlee gave them Dominion status as a first step to independence. Other colonial powers—and Britain in other areas—did not follow this example. The French, in Indo-China and North Africa, refused independence and maintained colonial rule by force, losing Indo-China to Communist-led nationalists. Britain set the Gold Coast on its way towards self-rule, but in Kenya found herself faced with Mau Mau atrocities.

With difficulty, successive American Presidents ignored the clamourings of a minority of their followers who urged an all-out attack on Communism. Instead, they took the view that the best way to prevent a further spread of Communism was to pour material aid into backward and poverty-stricken countries.

Stalin, implacable waver of cold war, died in 1953. Tension lessened as Malenkov, his successor as Soviet Prime Minister, gave evidence of a more reasonable attitude to the West. President Eisenhower appealed to Russia to join an international body to pool peaceful atomic information, and preliminary talks began. Sir Winston Churchill proposed a four-power conference—the last great issue he raised before his resignation.

After a short period of doubt, during which Beria, head of Stalin's secret police, was purged, and Malenkov resigned in favour of Bulganin, the post-Stalin leadership of the U.S.S.R. emerged. When the Four-Power Conference was finally held, in Geneva this year, the new Soviet leadership gave every sign that a deep change had taken place, and that the cold war was really coming to an end.

ships into harbour in fog but also give warning of approaching icebergs, even when these are as much as fifteen miles away (see *Electronics*).

British "fin" stabilizers which minimize or eliminate the ship-movements causing seasickness, already fitted to the Queen Elizabeth, are becoming almost standard equipment.

RAIL TRANSPORT

Throughout the world, rail transport has been meeting increased competition from road transport—a point emphasized by Britain's rail strike this year when vehicles replaced railways for much freight-haulage more satisfactorily than had been expected.

A £1,200 million railway development scheme is about to be started in Britain under which steam trains will be almost entirely replaced by diesel and electric power. In France, where hydro-electric power has enabled large electrification plans to be carried out since the end of the war, a world speed record for trains of more than 200 m.p.h. has been set up, and a driverless train has been safely driven by remote radio control at more than 80 m.p.h.

ROAD TRANSPORT

Britain's roads now carry five and a quarter million vehicles compared with a little more than three million in 1938. The number of accidents on the roads shows remarkably little change—195,664 in 1938 and 195,716 in 1954, though there is a reduction in the number of people killed (6,648 in 1938; 5,010 in 1954).

Technically, the most interesting development of the last few years is the gas turbine; at least twelve different kinds, suitable for road transport, are now under development.

Problems of excessive heat-production and excessive fuel consumption are the main barriers to successful development. Once these problems have been solved, the gas turbine may well take over from the petrol engine in much the same way as the jet has taken over from the propeller-driven plane, for it can provide a gearless, vibration-free car with a small engine and a minimum of moving parts to wear out or go wrong.

Plastic bodies, only one-third the weight of steel bodies and just as strong, are likely to give more miles of motoring per shilling, while electronic safety devices which would give warning of approaching vehicles in fog have already been tested.

CANALS

In Britain there has been a steady decline in the use of canals, which, together with other inland waterways, carried only one per cent of Britain's freight in 1952. More than seven hundred miles of canals are to be closed within the next few years. Nearly a thousand miles—including the Birmingham canal system which carries 950,000 tons a year, and the Leeds to Liverpool canal, which carried 800,000 tons—are to be retained; and another 336 miles, on which barges carrying sixty tons or more can be used, are to be expanded.

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THE UNIVERSE

IN THE NEXT FEW YEARS American and Russian scientists hope to send football-sized satellites to a height of about three hundred miles, where they will circle the earth once every ninety minutes.

American scientists have announced that they will try to launch their first satellite in 1957-58. It will contain instruments that will give information about weather at high altitudes. The instruments will record pressures and temperatures, and measure cosmic rays. Results will be radioed automatically to the earth.

Looking farther ahead, Russian scientists are working on a plan to follow the small satellites with larger "space platforms" that might carry men. Theoretically, the next step will be to ferry prefabricated space-ship parts to the platform, together with rocket fuel, assemble the ship, and take off for the moon without having to face the friction-heat generated by the flight through the earth's atmosphere.

Cost of a lunar flight would approach £1,000 millions. No fuel yet invented can be concentrated into a small enough space to power a space-ship to the moon. Atomic fuel would need metal shields, to protect the crew, of a weight that would make the ship unwieldy. Once it reached a speed of six miles a second a space-ship would fly without fuel in an elliptical orbit. Yet, without fuel to change its direction, steering would be impossible.

Highest point so far reached by man in a rocket-driven aircraft is fifteen miles above the earth. Monkeys and mice have returned unharmed from an altitude of about sixty miles. Doctors say that young, tough men equipped with every available protective device could endure the acceleration of a space ship leaving the earth.

Even if all these difficulties are overcome, the first man on the moon will hardly have conquered space. The nearest planet, Venus, is twenty-five million miles away. If our planetary system were represented with the sun as a ball six inches in circumference, the earth would be a speck of dust, eighteen yards from the ball, and the whole system would cover the area of a small town. The nearest stars in the Milky Way would be two thousand miles from the speck of dust.

THE ORIGINS

Astronomers have discovered that the universe is expanding. The galaxies are rushing away, and the greater the distance the faster they recede. Through the 200-inch telescope at Mount Palomar, in California, astronomers can see half as far as they can ever hope to see, because at twice the telescope's range the galaxies are leaving us at more than the speed of light.

Two opposing theories on the origin of the universe divide modern experts. Most hold that a huge explosion created the universe, and that the galaxies are still rushing away under the force of that explosion. Others agree with the "continuous creation" theory put forward by Professor Fred Hoyle, the young English mathematician, who says that for an infinite time the universe has appeared more or less the same, because new galaxies have formed to fill the space left by those that have rushed away. These new galaxies, according to this theory, are formed by

compounds which interfere with the plant to promote or retard its growth. One makes fruit tree cuttings root more freely. Another prevents potatoes sprouting when stored.

Where weeds, insects or fungus diseases attack crops, pest control specialists have methods of spraying with selective chemicals that kill the pests but spare the plant. Some organic phosphorous sprays are absorbed by the plant so that its juice become poison to aphides that attack it.

Techniques of modern medicine, notably penicillin and the sulfa drugs, are being applied to the world's cattle. Four years ago, Denmark completely stamped out bovine tuberculosis in dairy herds, and Britain and the United States are rapidly following suit. Scientists are also finding parasites that control pests. Myxomatosis, a virus disease bred for killing crop-eating rabbits, saved British farmers an estimated £15 million in 1955, giving them five thousand to seven thousand acres of grazing land, enough pasture for five thousand head more beef and dairy cattle and grass enough to feed 15,000 more sheep.

Mechanization is revolutionizing modern agriculture. A tractor does the work of four horses, and the number of tractors in use on British farms rose from 60,000 prewar to 392,720 in 1954. With the same number of workers, output on British farms is sixty per cent higher than before the war.

A possible solution to the problem of feeding the world's increasing population emerged at the 1955 Geneva conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy, where international scientists found that Russia and America had both done successful research on artificial photosynthesis.

Photosynthesis is the bio-mechanism by which the growing plant takes the sun's energy and uses it to synthesize the elements of the air, water and soil into food. If artificial photosynthesis were possible, it would mean that laboratory and factory could take over from nature and farmer—or at least supplement food from growing plants.

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ARCHAEOLOGY

NEW SCIENTIFIC TECHNIQUES enable modern archaeologists to cram what was once a lifetime's work into a year. Gradually they are providing a surer framework for dating the distant past. Recent discoveries, together with the detective work made possible by science, give archaeologists the hope that before long they will

reveal all the stages between the Transvaal apeman of a million years ago and the first true men.

The picture has been made clearer by the discovery in 1953 that the skull of Piltdown Man, previously believed to be 500,000 years old, was a fake. This skull, with its human cranium fixed to an anthropoid jaw, had been regarded as a freak, out of step with other evidence of evolution. In 1949, chemical tests proved that parts of the skull were only 50,000 years old. In 1953, the jawbone was found to belong to a modern ape.

The chemical test—fluorine analysis—will ensure that no future fake is taken as genuine.

SCIENTIFIC DATING

Since the war, scientists have developed auxiliary techniques that help the archaeologist to make sense of the objects he discovers. In 1950, Professor Owen Thomas Jones, the Cambridge geologist, devised a technique for identifying the origin of stone implements dating from 2500 and 2000 B.C.

His method is to remove a slice one millimetre thick from the implement, grind the slice until it is almost transparent, then examine it under a microscope. This reveals its geological source.

In 1948, Dr. Willard F. Libby, professor of chemistry at the University of Chicago's Institute for Nuclear Studies, brought in the atom to help in the exact dating of archaeological finds. Libby found that every plant absorbs from the air a radio-active carbon known to chemists as carbon 14. Any man or animal that eats plants—or eats animals that have eaten plants—also takes in carbon 14.

Every organic being that dies begins losing carbon 14 at a fixed rate that is not affected by heat, cold, pressure or chemical reaction. Half of this radio-active carbon disintegrates in 5,568 years. Half of what is left disintegrates in the next 5,568 years. This process continues in cycles of 5,568 years.

Libby burns a piece of organic material found by archaeologists to carbon dioxide gas, condenses the gas to pure carbon, then passes a Geiger counter over the carbon. From the speed of the clicks given out by the Geiger counter, he can tell the age of the material he has burned with a possible error of a few hundred years either side.

Libby's discovery has proved that the last Ice Age reached its final phase in America 10,000 years ago, and not 25,000 years ago, as experts previously believed. It was once thought that one group of men invented domestication of animals and crop-growing and spread their ideas round the world. It now appears, from exact dating by the carbon 14 technique of the emergence of peasant farming in America, that men in different parts of the world independently discovered these new ways of life.

Carbon 14, however, is valueless for dating the older finds. To date objects that go back millions of years, archaeologists and anthropologists rely largely on geological methods. From the slow, patient merging of data from many finds in many countries, they now know that men appeared on earth nearly three and a quarter million years earlier than 4004 B.C., the Biblical estimate of the date of Creation.

Recent discoveries have, in their different ways, filled other gaps in our knowledge of the past.

A perfectly preserved body of a man who died two thousand years ago was found in May, 1950, in a peat bog at Tollund, Denmark. His hair and

every wrinkle on his intelligent, humorous face were visible. He still had the leather rope round his neck that had killed him. From his serene expression, archaeologists conclude that he died the willing victim of a religious rite.

Discovery of the Temple of Mithras in the City of London brought thousands of Londoners last year to seek a newly revealed view of their city's history. The find threw new light on what, in its day, was a religion almost as important and widespread as was Christianity.

The Ancient Monuments Inspectorate of the Ministry of Works spent £20,000 last year to finance excavations, compared with £3,000 in 1950. In the war, realizing that the building of airfields and camps would destroy many mounds, earth-works, barrows and ancient house-sites, the Ministry arranged scientifically controlled excavations before handing over the sites to the bulldozer.

One of the most valuable archaeological discoveries ever made in England was the Sutton Hoo Ship Burial, excavated in 1939 on the East Bank of the River Deben, opposite Woodbridge, Suffolk. This find cast new light on the social life of an aristocratic Saxon hall. In the remains of an 80-foot rowing boat archaeologists found many objects: coins originating in France and a heavy bronze bowl from Egypt showed how far people could travel in the years A.D. 654-664.

In the last twenty-five years early civilizations have been discovered in China, in Mesopotamia by Sir John Marshall and in North West India by Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

Entire ancient landscapes, buried cities, villages and fields have been revealed by pictures taken from aircraft. J. S. P. Bradford, of the Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford, took aerial pictures in 1945 that revealed two hundred settlements on the Foggia Plain of the first farming community in Italy.

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ARCHITECTURE

THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN had a pronounced and widespread influence on British architecture. The free use of contrasting colour and alternating surface textures employed at the Festival was soon reflected in house interiors. Architects as a whole were inspired by the presentation of their latest ideas before a huge public.

The Festival Hall, the one permanent building put up on the South Bank in 1951, is an example of the successful use of three of the basic notes of modern architecture, the play of space, the

drama of openly revealed construction, and the appeal of finely finished materials.

The revolution in modern architecture began with the invention of reinforced concrete in France in the 1890s. The first building in England using a reinforced concrete frame construction was the Ritz Hotel in Piccadilly, London, built in 1906. But the frame was clothed in a massive weight of unnecessary stone in the old tradition.

Modern architects were quick to realize that the exactly known qualities of concrete and steel would enable them to cut out all unnecessary structural material. The vast expanses of glass in modern shop and office buildings are possible because the reinforced concrete frame is so designed that the walls and windows carry no weight but their own.

MODERN MASTERS

The two master architects of the modern movement—the German, Walter Gropius, and Le Corbusier, Swiss by birth but a French citizen—returned to a basic principle, forgotten in the nineteenth century, that a building should do its job as efficiently as possible. They took their inspiration from the machine, and rediscovered in the engineering achievements of docks, steel bridges, power pylons and aeroplanes the architectural qualities of rhythm, scale and contrast.

In his books Le Corbusier adopted an extreme functionalist point of view, often using illustrations of aeroplanes and turbines as examples of the beauty of unadorned mechanical efficiency. He stated his basic attitude in the phrase "a house is a machine for living in."

Le Corbusier's *Unité d'habitation*, a vast block of flats on the outskirts of Marseilles, is probably the most significant building in postwar Europe. It is a seventeen-storey, slab-like building raised twenty-three feet off the ground on tapering concrete columns. It contains flats for 1,600 people, as well as shops, gymnasium, café, nurseries, laundry and other facilities.

On the other hand, the most influential of modern American architects, Frank Lloyd Wright, designs buildings which extend horizontally. Often he incorporates the crude rock of the site into the walls to make the building harmonize with its background.

Since the war Britain has led the world in school design and building. Hertfordshire County Council's architect, G. H. Aslin, pioneered a system of planning in standard structural units, combined with advanced design, which reduced the cost of a school place by nearly half, and attracted the interest of architects from all over the world.

There has been a great postwar advance in organization on the building site, pre-planning, and the use of mechanized plant. The tower crane, unknown in this country six years ago, saves up to 1,000 man hours per house on a large site.

New materials have come into use, including plastics, aluminium, timber waste products. Advances have been made in the use of concrete. By the new pre-stressing technique concrete planks can now be made with the springiness of timber. Recent development of shell-concrete enables large shallow-dome roofs to be cast in one piece.

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6—3. In May, 1954, Hungary again beat England, in Budapest, by 7—1.

Since these defeats, there has been a repetitive outcry about the standards of English football, and the game is said to be facing its greatest crisis.

Although cricket is still frequently called England's national game, it has lost much of its support as a summer pursuit to athletics in recent years, but Test Matches against Australia, South Africa, Pakistan, India and the West Indies draw capacity crowds.

In an effort to brighten up a game not noted for its action, five-a-side matches have been introduced with rules which compel a man to score or be out. For all that, most of its adherents are loyally satisfied with the game as it is and, more or less, as it has been for the last 250 years.

With its traditions of conservatism, cricket rarely produces sensations. "Leg-theory" and "bodyline bowling" have been the most controversial features of the game in the last twenty years and now, at a time when a crop of very fast bowlers has emerged, the number of "bumpers" they may send down is at the discretion of the umpire.

In boxing, a sport in which once she led the world, Britain now lags behind America, and today produces few world-class fighters.

Apart from Don Cockell, who in 1955 attempted to wrest the world heavyweight title from the American Rocky Marciano, Britain now has only cruiserweight Randolph Turpin in line for a world title chance.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

The Americans and Russians make vast efforts to win the most international of all sports gatherings, the Olympic Games. Both countries excel in the field events—jumping, throwing, pole-vaulting, etc.—and the Russians, with the Spartak and Dynamo teams, have taken a lead in association football. In golf, tennis and swimming the Americans excel, though the Australians are today producing brilliant golfers and tennis players, and the Egyptians are building a new reputation for their long-distance swimmers.

In motor racing Italy and Britain are prominent, and France is noted for its cyclists. Throughout the world, techniques in most sports are steadily being improved, along with training methods and equipment.

Apart from track athletics, Britain's most impressive gain has been in show jumping, which produced Pat Smythe and Col. Harry Llewellyn and the horses Foxhunter and Prince Hal. This sport gave Britain its only gold medal at the 1952 Olympics.

Next year, when the games are held in Melbourne, Australia, Britain expects more gold medals. Performances all round, in every Olympic sport, are likely to be superior to those recorded four years ago.

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TRANSPORT

DURING THE LAST ten years, the speed and comfort of travel have been increasingly governed not by what is technically possible but by the amount the traveller is prepared to pay. This fact, together with the vast increase in air transport for both passengers and freight, and the way in which air-travel costs have come nearer to the level of those of land—or sea—travel, is the most significant trend in postwar transport.

AIR

Between 1937 and 1947, the passenger-miles flown by scheduled air services throughout the world rose from 165 to 708 million, and by 1952 they had risen to 1,059 million. Since the end of the last war, the substitution of air for sea travel has been marked both between Britain and the Continent and across the North Atlantic. In 1948, for instance, planes accounted for twenty-eight per cent (total of 253,000) of transatlantic crossings and ships for seventy-two per cent (total of 637,000). By 1952 air transport was accounting for thirty-five per cent of the total (446,000 crossings) and ships for only sixty-five per cent (844,000)—the number of air crossings, significantly, having nearly doubled in five years.

The movement of freight by air has more than trebled in the five years between 1947 (187 million ton-miles) and 1952 (651 million ton-miles) and, significantly, much of it has consisted of heavy goods not previously considered suitable for air transport.

More mail is also being carried by air, the world figures being eighty-eight million ton-miles in 1947 and 175 million in 1952.

The use of helicopters is already making possible regular inter-city air services, many of which are flying in the United States. Sabena, the Belgian airline, runs a helicopter "bus service" between Brussels and ten nearby cities. In Britain, B.E.A. operate a helicopter service between London's South Bank and London Airport, and more than eighty municipal authorities have asked the Ministry of Transport for advice on the setting-up of heliports; many have already chosen sites.

Both the speed and the comfort of passenger travel by air have been increased by the use of the jet engine, which is steadily taking over from the normal petrol engine.

Jet propulsion is already being used in more than one helicopter, jet engines being incorporated in the rotor blades, while the Fairey "Rotodyne" uses jet power both in the rotor-tips and to power two standard turbo-prop engines.

In both Britain and the United States, jet power has been experimentally used in downward-thrusting jets which enable the craft to rise and fall vertically. Apart from the "flying bedstead," an experimental air frame, other machines stand on their tails to take off, or use motors which are turned to alter the direction of thrust. Many problems, including those of excessive noise and excessive fuel consumption, still have to be solved.

SEA TRAVEL

While sea travel is steadily being replaced by air travel, greater stress is being laid on its safety and comfort. Electronic devices not only guide

RAW MATERIALS

SINCE THE WAR a tremendous change has taken place in the manufacture and development of industrial synthetics. Previously these materials were made mainly from coal, air and water, but since the new oil refineries opened in Britain in the last twenty years, more and more have come from the by-products gases which were previously burned or used as fuel. Already, Britain is producing an estimated 312,000 tons of raw materials from oil every year.

In 1949, Shell erected a £4 million plant at Stanlow, Cheshire. Taking gas oil from the neighbouring refinery, it extracts propylene, butylene and ethylene. By rearranging the molecular structure under heat and pressure, the plant turns the propylene into a range of solvents used in a host of everyday substances.

The butylene produces another range of solvents used in adhesives, paint removers, stiffeners for shoe toecaps, artificial leather, printing ink and lacquer finishes. The ethylene can be converted into ethylene oxide, a raw material used for making paint solvents, synthetic detergents and anti-freeze. It is also used in the manufacture of anti-knock in petrol and of styrene, the raw material for a plastic used widely in packaging, children's toys and household fittings.

Nearly all these things could have been made from other raw materials, but these raw materials were themselves becoming ever more difficult to find in Britain. Coal is an obvious example. Another is molasses, which was formerly a prime source of industrial alcohol.

Almost all the plastics, many of the synthetic fibres and such commodities as fertilizers, insecticides and detergents may be derived from oil. Many of these substances, far from being cheap substitutes for orthodox raw materials, are more expensive and have qualities that the original raw materials never had.

Perspex, for instance, was first discovered by I.C.I. chemists in 1932. Another miracle plastic is polythene, now used for everything from washing-up bowls to wrapping film, from "squeeze-bottle" packages to strings of interlocking beads. Polythene is the best known electrical insulator; it was discovered as long ago as 1933, but it was not until 1951 that it became freely obtainable.

Nylon made in Britain not from oil, but from coal, air and water, was invented in 1930 by an American chemist, Dr. W. H. Carothers. Well known in the manufacture of clothing and accessories, nylon is also widely used in industry.

Terylene is another synthetic fibre with similar properties. Invented in 1941 by Dr. John Whinfield, an Englishman, it may appear as a fur, a blanket, a suit, a curtain or almost any other form of fabric.

In the future, more and more raw materials which we now get from nature will be synthesized. More and more the raw material for synthetics will tend to be oil.

Meanwhile, the world supply of raw materials continues to dwindle, although two of the most important raw materials—coal and petroleum—exist in sufficient quantity to meet demands with the strain on them reduced by the development of atomic energy. Coal is still the major source of power, but the picture is changing. By 1965, atomic energy should save seven to eight million

tons of coal a year, and by 1975 it should save 40 million tons of coal a year in Britain alone.

The demand for oil has grown, and for the first time in Britain it has become competitive with coal for steam-raising on a large scale. By 1960 the use of oil in this way should save 40 million tons of coal a year.

In most metals there is a prospect of shortage. The new light metals and other important materials, however, offer opportunities for artificial substitutes which remove the risk of serious disadvantages. So far, industrial expansion has been based on successive discoveries of new supplies of raw materials; now it will have to be reinforced by synthetics.

SPORT

SPORT IS TODAY the greatest leisure pursuit of the human race. Man against nature, man against man, and man against the clock has been the pattern of its development, and in this speed-loving age the struggle with the clock has captured most attention. Speed records are broken so regularly that man has come face to face with the hitherto untested limits of human endurance.

In recent years, despite the technological advances which have helped most sportsmen, it is the athlete, pitting only his will and physique against the time barrier, who has made the most spectacular headway. Since 1951, the Czech runner Emil Zatopek has led the field. In four years he gathered every world record for distances from six miles and five thousand metres upwards, though the Briton, Chris Chataway, and later the Russian, Vladimir Kuts, took the five thousand metres record.

Mainly through Zatopek, Bannister (the first four-minute miler), Chataway, Kuts and more recently the Hungarians Iharos and Tabori, middle-distance events have caught the public imagination more than any other branch of the sport.

NEW TECHNIQUES

Competition from athletes on both sides of the Iron Curtain is severe; apart from rigorous training methods and daily practice against the stopwatch, tactics have been developed more than ever before. The best recent examples of this were at Oxford, when Roger Bannister broke the four-minute mile with the help of Chataway and Brasher, and Chataway's recent three-mile world record when he and Derek Ibbotson switched the leadership, lap after lap. Leading in distance events has both psychological and physical drawbacks, and individual records are broken nowadays only with the team-help of pacesetters.

Probably nowhere more than in Britain has this technique been elaborated since the end of the second World War.

In the world's greatest team sport, soccer, the originator, Britain, has slumped badly in recent years. International elevens and prominent club sides from these islands have fared badly, especially against Continental opposition; a trend which reached a climax at Wembley on November 25, 1953, when England was beaten at home for the first time by a foreign team. Hungary, which is today probably the greatest sporting nation in the world relative to its population, won

ART

IN 1938 A SUSSEX business man bought a painting by the sixty-nine year old French artist Henri Matisse for £280. On the business man's death seventeen years later, it was sold for 6,700 guineas.

There was no question of a "discovery." The painting was bought in the first instance from a commercial art gallery. It was there for anybody to buy who had the necessary £280. This huge increase in prices is not unusual for top-ranking "modern" artists.

But what is "modern" art? The art world of today is divided untidily down its centre. On the right are the so-called "academic" painters, who are most successful when they concentrate on portraits. Conscientious craftsmen, they supply the persistent demand for recognizable images of valued memories or possessions. The well-bred horses of Sir Alfred Munnings, the lifelike portraits of Sir Gerald Kelly and James Gunn, the passionate gipsies of Sir William Russell Flint, all have a place in contemporary art. On the left are the various types of "modernists."

IMPRESSIONISM

The division dates back to the discovery of photography, which brought about the theory that art has to do something more serious than imitate the appearances of nature. First of the rebels were the Impressionists (c. 1860-1890), led by gentlemanly recluse Edouard Manet (1832-1883). By putting tiny strokes of different colour side by side instead of painting with "flat" colour the Impressionists set about trying to depict things as they are actually seen in the atmosphere.

Impressionism is now the generally accepted way of painting among academicians, amateurs (e.g. Sir Winston Churchill) and those who say that they "paint what they see." Leaders of the Impressionist movement were Renoir (1841-1920), Monet (1840-1926), Pissarro (1831-1903) and Augustus John (1878-).

Then came Paul Cézanne, stubborn, slow, honest. To him Impressionism was too sloppy. Looking at the art of the past, he thought that its finest achievement were always constructions. A scene or a person has to be broken down into component visual parts ("all natural forms are based on the cube, the cone and the cylinder") and the chief duty of the artist is to create an impression of solidity on canvas. This viewpoint has influenced all painting since his time.

Though all modern art stems from Cézanne, it follows two divergent tendencies. The first emphasizes colour and emotion; the second emphasizes line and intellect. Typical of the first group are Van Gogh (1853-1890), Matisse (1869-1954), Sir Matthew Smith (1879), Raoul Dufy (1877-1954) and Utrillo (1883-).

THE CUBISTS

The most publicized exponents of the second approach were the Cubists, who reduced what they saw to a series of cube-like units. Few artists today practise Cubism in its absolute sense, but many still retain traces of its influence (e.g. Wyndham Lewis, Braque, and Léger, who died this year).

The most advanced and logical outcome of Cubism was abstraction, or "objective" art, in

which the artist rejects entirely the evidence of his own vision, and builds on the canvas a world of his own. Popular in France twenty years ago, this kind of art has had a revival in England since the war, and there have been a series of conversions to it (e.g. Victor Pasmore, Adrian Heath).

SURREALISM

Modern art, however, has not only adduced new techniques but new ways of looking at things. Surrealism can affect artists belonging to either of the two main categories. Paying lip-service to the discoveries of Freud, it sets out to produce the kind of painting which will give the spectator a shock. Usually (e.g. Salvador Dali) the Surrealists use a traditional technique for presenting untraditional subjects. Few artists today are pure Surrealists, but several (e.g. Graham Sutherland, Stanley Spencer, Francis Bacon, and many advertising artists) show its influence in their works.

Spanish-born Pablo Picasso is at seventy-six the most dynamic figure in contemporary art. Evading inclusion in any category, he has in his time embraced them all. "I do not seek, I find," he once said, and he contains within his own works a pocket-history of modern art.

The general public is still often befuddled about the whole thing, but is rapidly catching up. The general level of appreciation has now got up to about 1920.

Since the days when enthusiastic but ill-informed art critics daubed modernistic statues in Hyde Park with tar and feathers, sculpture has been on the upgrade. Once the most unpopular man in the art world, the author of the daubed statues, Jacob Epstein, is now a knight. Closely rivalling him in fame and prestige is Yorkshire-born Henry Moore, whose Gruyère-like figures emphasize the solidity of their subjects.

Moore is one of our main artistic exports. The academic survives in the work of such men as Sir William Reid Dick, Sergeant Sculptor to the Queen, and Charles Wheeler.

Best public collections of modern art: Tate Gallery, London; Temple Newsom Gallery, Leeds; Glasgow Art Gallery; Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool; Southampton Art Gallery.

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ATOMIC SCIENCE

ATOMIC ENERGY IS PRODUCED, whether for bombs or for peacetime power, when the nuclei or "cores" of the atoms making up certain pure substances known as elements are each split into two (the fission process), or when the nuclei of other elements are joined together (the fusion process).

In bombs, the process—fission in atom-bombs, fusion in hydrogen-bombs—is finished in a fraction of a second and is uncontrolled. In peacetime atomic piles, or nuclear reactors as they are now called, the process is controlled. So far, only fission can be used in reactors.

The elements most usually used are uranium, found in practicable quantities in the Belgian

Congo, Canada, South Africa, Australia, the United States, Eastern Germany, Czechoslovakia and, possibly, Turkestan; and thorium, which is found in India.

THE BOMB

The atom-bomb, produced in 1945 by Anglo-U.S. war effort, was followed by the hydrogen-bomb in 1952. An H-bomb is nearly a thousand times more powerful than an A-bomb, and there is no upper limit to its power—no "critical size" above which it will not work, as is the case with the atom-bomb. The United States and Russia have both produced H-bombs, Britain is producing hers, and within a few years all these major "atomic powers" will have enough nuclear weapons to paralyse any enemy shortly after the outbreak of war.

PEACETIME POWER

Britain is already building two atom-power stations, at Calder Hall in Cumberland and at Dounreay in Scotland, and is to build a third at Chapel Cross, near Anna, Scotland; in all these, nuclear reactors will be used to produce electricity.

Each will feed about 60,000 kilowatts a year into the National Grid—enough to supply a fair-sized town. They are to be followed by a further fifteen atom-power stations, which within the next ten years are expected to produce about three million kilowatts a year, and thus save the country about eight million tons of coal annually. By 1975 this figure may, by the use of additional and more efficient power-stations, have reached 40 million tons a year.

Costs of atom-produced electricity are expected to be comparable to those of coal-produced power; whereas coal costs are expected to rise in the future, atom-power costs are expected to drop as efficiency increases.

Scientists are also trying to use the fusion process of the hydrogen-bomb for the production of power. If they succeed, the world's power problems will be solved—for it would then be possible to get from one pint of water as much heat as comes from burning 10,000 tons of coal.

In the United States nearly thirty nuclear reactors are at work, most of them experimentally, although one recently provided electricity temporarily for a town of 1,200 people.

In Russia, an experimental power station produces five thousand kilowatts. A 100,000-kilowatt nuclear power station is under construction.

Many European countries have nuclear reactors in operation. So has Canada. Others are to be built in Australia and India. Each country's plans for making atomic power are governed by its present power position. Norway, with almost limitless hydro-electric power, is concentrating on atomic power for ships. Holland, with few home-power resources, is working on atomic power for electricity, while Belgium, with rich uranium deposits in the Congo, is also planning an atomic power station.

RADIO-ACTIVE ISOTOPES

Radio-active isotopes are the radio-active forms of ordinary chemicals, and the radiations which they give out enable small amounts of them to be located. If a pinch of radio-active salt were divided among everyone in Britain there would still be enough in each person to produce a reading on a Geiger counter.

These isotopes, a by-product of nuclear reactors, can be used in fertilizers to reveal how these affect plants; in tyres to show how much rubber is

worn off in a few minutes' running. In medicine, they can "label" a dose of vitamin so that it is possible to see what proportion goes to any organ of the body, show whether skin grafts are taking, or locate the precise position of tumours of the brain.

In addition, radiations from some of them can be directed at tumours so that the radiations kill the tumour-cells but not the healthy cells of the body. In this way a small isotope held in a one-inch spigot can replace an expensive million-volt X-ray apparatus.

SAFETY

Whenever nuclear energy is released, three distinct but allied safety problems arise.

The first of these is the long-term genetic effect on human beings of any increase in the radio-activity to which they are subjected. Very little is known about this. The British Medical Research Council has been working on the problem for ten years and is spending £208,000 on it during the current year.

At the recent Geneva meeting of atomic scientists organized by the United Nations, it was suggested that an international investigation into genetic effects should be begun, and an international meeting to discuss this was held at Harwell, headquarters of Britain's atomic research, in September.

The second safety problem is to shield workers from the excessive radio-activity of the nuclear reactor. This is done by interposing, between the reactor and the worker, walls of lead which the radiations cannot easily penetrate. Workers are regularly examined to make certain that no rays have reached them.

The third problem is the disposal of the radio-active waste that is a by-product of the reactors. In Britain, some is transformed into a different kind of radio-active matter which can be used by industry; some is diluted so that it can be safely ejected into the air or into rivers; some is put in steel and concrete containers and dumped in the ocean more than 1,000 miles from land; and some, the most intractable, at present has to be stored, although a disposal method is being sought.

INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION

The most hopeful sign that atomic energy will be used for the benefit and not for the destruction of mankind was the vast and unprecedented exchange of information between the Western and the Iron Curtain countries which took place at Geneva last August.

Until then, there had been virtually no exchange of atomic information between Britain and the United States on the one hand and Russia on the other. Co-operation between Britain and the U.S. had also been limited by the U.S. Atomic Energy Act (the MacMahon Act) of 1946, until its amendment in 1954. International co-operation had been mainly limited to the work of the European Organization for Nuclear Research, a twelve-nation organization set up in 1954 and concerned solely with fundamental research.

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wholly anti-Romantic. Sibelius, inspired by the scenes and legends of his native Finland, stands apart. Such giants as Elgar, Holst, Delius and Bax gave new expression to the Romantic spirit and their music may find echoes in the future.

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PSYCHOLOGY

CHANCE DISCOVERIES have given psychiatrists several dramatic additions to their techniques for curing mental illness in the last twenty years. They have been welcome because the incidence of mental ill-health is high. Approximately 175,000 persons in Britain are registered as "of unsound mind," and mental patients occupy almost half of the country's hospital beds.

"Nerves" are also widespread. In a survey for the Medical Research Council in 1947, Dr. Russell Frazer and his associates found that ten per cent of a total of three thousand men and women engineering factory workers had suffered from disabling neurotic illness, and twenty per cent more from minor neurosis.

Seeking to dispel both psychosis and neurosis, psychiatry today works from two directions. One set of methods aims physically at the brain, the other through psychotherapy at the mind.

Prominent among modern physical methods is electro-convulsive therapy, derived from a process originated by a Hungarian specialist named von Meduna. Intrigued by the theory, since proved false, that epilepsy did not occur in cases of schizophrenia ("split mind"), he experimented by giving patients artificial fits with camphor injections.

Melancholics responded even better than the schizophrenics. Then, in 1937, instead of injections, an Italian doctor, Professor Cerletti, tried a split-second electric shock (75-150 volts) across the front of the brain. Patients sometimes broke bones in the resulting convulsions until modern electroplexy was perfected. In the operation's most refined form today, with a temporary muscle

relaxing injection, the convulsion shows only as a muscle flicker.

Insulin shock treatment also partly belies its name. It was discovered in 1935 when Dr. Manfred Sakel, of Vienna, was seeking to pacify drug addicts deprived of their drugs. Finding that insulin increased their appetites and reduced their emotional tension, he tried it on mental patients. Modern insulin therapy consists of a coma induced by a "killing" dose of insulin, arrested after an hour by a nasal feed of sweet tea, or by glucose administered through a vein. The patient then wakes hungry, saturated with perspiration.

Most drastic of the physical treatments for mental cases is the brain operation called pre-frontal leucotomy; the operation severs the white nerve fibres that connect the frontal lobes with the rest of the brain, trimming the patient's behaviour to an uncritical complacency.

The new drug chlorpromazine has been enthusiastically described by some doctors as "chemical leucotomy." In one of the first cases in which it was tried, in 1954, it was successful after insulin, electroplexy, and leucotomy had failed. It is still experimental, and its main uses now seem to be making difficult patients more accessible to treatment.

Modern psychotherapy—which aims at the mind—is broadly based on the work of the Austrian, Sigmund Freud (1856-1939), whose brilliant theories revolutionized psychology. Freud said that much behaviour was determined by forces beneath the conscious surface of the mind, and evolved the technique of free association of thought by which the patient talked himself into awareness of previously unconscious motives.

Freud's colleagues, Alfred Adler (1870-1937) and Carl Jung (1875-), broke away to evolve their own techniques. Freud believed that the basic life force (libido) was the impulse to love. Adler thought the primary drive was an urge to power. Jung sees it as a mysterious force connected with unconscious racial memories; as the survivor of a great trio, he enjoys increasing prestige.

Psychological methods are applied today in education, industry, the Services, and to a lesser extent in dealing with crime. Psycho-somatic (mind-body) medicine recognizes that such diverse ailments as stoma. ulcers, migraine headaches, and rheumatoid arthritis are partly psychological; and a third of all illness is thought to have a psychological aspect serious enough to require light treatment.

To provide this easily, psychiatrists have evolved group therapy. Ten or twelve people talk out their emotional problems together at regular meetings, with a doctor sitting in as adviser. One development of this method is psycho-drama, in which the group acts significant scenes from the life of a member, who plays himself. Each is "star" in turn, and after each psycho-drama the group discusses implications.

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increased by twenty years. This does not mean that the period of old age has lengthened, but that more and more people are living into their sixties and seventies. In other words, medical science has largely conquered child mortality and the lethal infections of everyday life.

These diseases have fallen back under a two-pronged attack from penicillin and the other new curative drugs, and from diphtheria immunization and the new preventive techniques. In 1953, only 266 cases of diphtheria occurred in England and Wales, eight-hundredths of the number reported in 1943. Deaths from the disease fell in that decade from 1,371 to twenty-three. In fifteen years improved nutrition and housing, backed by the new drugs, reduced deaths from tuberculosis in England and Wales by sixty-five per cent.

With the progress of civilization and the control of the major infections, the so-called disorders of ageing—cancer, hardening of the arteries, for instance—and the disorders of stress—ulcers, alcoholism, heart disease—are increasing.

SURGERY

In surgery, the outstanding advances in recent years have been made in operations on the heart and the brain, in the transfusion of blood and the transplantation of tissues, and in anaesthesia. In 1944, an American surgeon performed the first successful operation on a "blue baby" by closing near the heart a blood vessel which was preventing the blood from getting sufficient oxygen.

Soon afterwards, a British surgeon operated with equal success inside the heart of a patient suffering from a crippling congenital heart disease. These and other heart operations have since cured thousands facing a short and crippled life.

In 1935, two surgeons first used the continuous transfusion of blood in the treatment of massive haemorrhage from peptic ulcer. During the last war speedy and adequate blood transfusion revived men suffering from a large blood loss or wound shock. Since then, blood transfusion has become commonplace.

While millions of people owe their lives to the blood of others, thousands of crippled patients are today being cured with transplantations of bone, arteries, cartilage, corneas and skin, and even the kidney. Similarly, new metals and plastics have revolutionized the treatment of fractures and have been used to replace missing or diseased bones, joints and arteries.

UNCONQUERED AFFLICTIONS

In Western civilization, the medical balance sheet shows that five important afflictions remain unconquered: cancer, rheumatism, poliomyelitis, influenza and the common cold. Despite costly and extensive research, cancer and rheumatism can so far be checked only if detected in their early stages. Rheumatism remains one of the chief causes of disability and absence from work.

As for the three other diseases, all of them virus infections, most research workers feel convinced that effective vaccines will soon be found. Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, said of virus infections last year: "A few still dodge us. But they will be beaten before 2,000 A.D."

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MUSIC

MUSIC IN THIS CENTURY has undergone an upheaval of such violence that many compositions are either incomprehensible or unbearable to listeners nourished on the classical masters.

In classical music, a composer produced a work in a definite key, from which he might stray as the fancy took him, but which provided starting and finishing points and a course that was comparatively easy for the listener to follow.

Debussy's music is now part of the popular repertoire, but it was he who turned away from this line of development, represented by the Romantics—such as Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Tchaikovsky and Richard Strauss. He broke from the rule of what musicians call "tonality"—that is, the harnessing of composition to the twenty-four major and minor scales we learn at school.

Half a century ago his harmonies were new to the ear. He cultivated the whole-tone scale* to achieve atmosphere and mood.

After Debussy's revolt, composers took to polytonality, an ugly name given to the practice of using more than one key simultaneously.

Its leading protagonist is the Frenchman Darius Milhaud, who has gone so far as to write passages in five or six different keys, all playing at the same time.

An Austrian, Arnold Schonberg, who died in 1951, went farther. He took the twelve tones of the chromatic scale—an octave, including all the flats and sharps—and arranged them in the order of his choice. His music has no key.

All this is bewildering to the ordinary concert-goer. On paper it looks like anarchy. At first hearing it can be a trackless jungle of sound. But familiarity brings out pattern and sense.

Schonberg's most distinguished pupil, Alban Berg, another Austrian, was more successful than his master. His opera *Wozzeck*, first performed in London in 1952, has music which drives the action forward relentlessly, instead of following the older fashion of ornamenting and retarding it with long arias and choruses.

The outstanding figure in modern music, Stravinsky, defies classification. His ballet, *The Rite Of Spring*, based on primitive human sacrifice, was so revolutionary that its first production in Paris in 1913 caused a riot.

But his recent opera, *The Rake's Progress*, has no orchestral fireworks. Today the "rebel" turns to the music of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries for fresh inspiration.

There are signs that the mood is changing. Sir William Walton's 1935 *Symphony* struck the musical world with the force of a tornado. His 1954 opera, *Troilus And Cressida*, goes back to the tradition of long arias and love duets and a wealth of flowing melody.

Atonalism has opened up new paths in music, but modern composers of genius, like Vaughan Williams and Benjamin Britten, use it with discretion. They are prepared to use old or new forms according to the ideas they have to express. Indeed, Vaughan Williams, Khachaturian and Bartok, among others, have gone back to folk song and dance for much of their material.

After all, the trend of the century has not been

* Only two scales progress by whole tones. They are C D E F# G# A# C and C# D# F G A B C#.

ELECTRONICS

THE ELECTRONICS INDUSTRY is based almost entirely on the fact that the movement, in a vacuum, of electrons—the smallest known "bricks" out of which physical matter is made—can multiply small electric currents or voltages by as much as a million. By using this peculiarity of electrons in vacuums (in valves) and more recently in transistors—minute pieces of equipment which will one day largely replace valves—scientists have revolutionized the worlds of entertainment, industry and war.

ENTERTAINMENT

About one-third of the entire output of the electronics industry is used by the entertainment business—mostly in radio and television sets.

Colour television has been introduced in the United States, but has suffered from extensive teething troubles, and although manufacture of 100,000 colour-TV sets was planned last year, only 20,000 were made and a far smaller number sold, at £300 upwards. More than a hundred U.S. stations are equipped to transmit or relay colour, but technical problems still drastically limit its popularity. In Britain, the B.B.C. has announced colour experiments. Three-dimensional television has worked well in the laboratory.

Stereophonic sound films and the latest stage-lighting effects are both worked by electronic valves. So are high-fidelity gramophones, which produce sound electronically and not acoustically.

In the future, transistors a fraction of an inch high are expected to make possible a portable gramophone which can play long-playing records, and a vest-pocket portable radio.

INDUSTRY

In industry, "electronic brains" are replacing clerks and statisticians by working out payrolls and costings, and complicated mathematical research problems. Electronic equipment built into factory machines measures and controls the temperature, thickness, consistency and rate of flow of materials and liquids—jobs previously done by factory workers. In offices, electronic recorders increasingly replace shorthand dictation.

Typical of the "brains" used in Britain is ACE, at the National Physics Laboratory at Teddington. It can do in a minute what would take a first-class statistician one month to perform. Initially, ACE gave the results in the form of punched cards, but it can now be coupled to an electronic typewriter which produces the answers printed on a tape.

In the factory, electronic valves, which react to as little as one millionth of an ampere, control sizes to within a hundred-thousandth of an inch, temperatures to within one-hundredth of a degree, the acidity and clarity of mixtures, and the shades of colours.

By building such electronic equipment into machines, a complete production-line job can be carried out with the aid of a few supervisory engineers. In a Russian factory nine men per shift, working with 1,500 electrical instruments, some of them electronic, produce 3,500 finished light car pistons from raw material in a twenty-four hour day. In America, an electronic iron-caster produces 3,600 castings an hour with six supervisors where forty workers were previously

necessary. In Britain, at Austin's Longbridge factory, an automatic transfer machine manned by two workers has more than halved the cost of cylinder blocks.

Two completely different kinds of electronic equipment are being used in industry. In ultrasonic equipment—used for detecting whales at sea, discovering weaknesses in metal beams or drilling holes of any shape in the toughest materials—an electronic tube is used to generate the electric current which is subsequently transformed into the ultrasonic waves. In high-frequency heating devices, the power generated by electron tubes in the form of high-frequency waves is used to glue plywood furniture (the waves being passed through the "sandwich" of wood-glue-wood and used to heat the glue without unduly heating the wood); and to produce plastic articles where heat must be applied to the contents of a container but not to the container itself.

WAR

Radar is the best-known example of how electronic equipment has revolutionized war, but it is by no means the only one. Another is the proximity fuse which automatically explodes a shell when it is within so many feet of the ground.

Radar devices now continuously and automatically keep a gun "locked" on the target however much the plane might swerve or dive.

Similar equipment has been fitted to bombs, which can be "locked" on a predetermined point, to tank guns which automatically remain pointing at their target despite the movements of the tank itself, and to some forms of guided missiles which, once they have been fired, automatically pursue the target plane whatever evasive action it may take.

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ENTERTAINMENT

CINEMA

THE INCREASING POPULARITY of television since the war has forced the film industry to change its ideas. In 1946 the B.B.C. television service reopened in Britain, and since then exhibitors have watched cinemas close, admissions dwindle and gross box office takings shrink. In 1946 there were 4,705 cinemas in operation in Britain; at the end of 1953 there were 4,542. In 1946 more than 30 million people went to the cinema every week; at the end of 1953 this had dropped to 24 million. Gross annual box office takings sank from £117,500,000 in 1946 to £107,500,000 in 1953.

But since 1952 there has been a levelling-off of losses. Some observers have attributed this to the novelty of television wearing off; others have claimed that better films are now being made. A Board of Trade survey for the last available six months has shown a decline in cinema attendances amounting to only six per cent. Some 20 million people still go to the films every week despite the four million television sets in British homes.

More films are being made in colour than ever

before. Three-dimensional films, which were designed to beat television, eventually proved unacceptable to the public because of the discomfort of having to wear special viewing glasses. However, "Cinerama," giving an impression of 3-D without the need for glasses, has been running for a year in London.

With improved methods of filming and exhibiting, costs have quadrupled, and with them stars' salaries. There are some half-dozen British artists who collect £10,000 a picture; about twenty-five who get £5,000 a picture, and at least a hundred actors and actresses who get £50 to £300 a day for filming. British pictures are now, for the first time in forty years, beating those of Hollywood in the home markets. *Genevieve*, *Doctor In The House* and *Trouble In Store* have topped annual polls both of the showman and the public.

The cinema now seems to be in a more stable position than in the early years of television and—though the impact of commercial television on the cinema in Britain has yet to take full effect—it seems that television and the cinema will both take their place in modern life without one destroying the other.

TELEVISION

Already, Independent TV and the B.B.C. seem to be converging. Although Independent Television is based on transatlantic methods, with the same type of show on the air at the same time every week so that viewer habits can form, many of the programmes resemble those of the B.B.C.'s, which has little attempt at a conscious pattern and much more flexibility of timing than I.T.A.

Since its postwar revival in 1946, TV has certainly increased in popularity. In 1947 there were 14,560 TV sets in Britain. Today there are four and a half million. In the United States there are now 35 million sets, in Canada one million sets and in France 200,000 sets. In the thirty-eight countries that have television there are 40 million sets and 570 stations. With commercial TV, British dealers report a new surge in the demand for new sets, and conversions to earlier models.

The money that is being spent on television also indicates how quickly it has caught the public imagination. In America manufacturers are spending £500 million a year on programmes in which they advertise their products.

In Britain, where commercial television did not start until September, 1955, costs were much less. The most costly programme of 1954, at £2,500, was a production of the opera *Carmen*. The average Sunday night play cost £1,000 to £1,200—the same as a large variety programme. *Panorama* costs £610, and the cheapest was *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral*, at about £150. *What's My Line?* the most popular programme, cost £275, *The Name's The Same* cost £240, *This Is Show Business* cost £1,200, and the Saturday night serial cost about £600 per instalment.

Children's television in Britain has placed a strong emphasis on education through entertainment. The *Watch With Mother* series is an example of this trend. Besides programmes for education—daily television lessons in schools start in 1956—there have been entertainment programmes of a lighter kind than on American TV, such as the *Muffin* and the *Andy Pandey* series.

Television has had a marked impact on society. Generally, it has kept people in during the evenings, thus decreasing cinema attendances. Sociologists have observed that it has helped to keep the family together. It has kept customers out of public houses, decreased the sales of draught beer

while increasing those of bottled beer, which is taken home.

THEATRE

Bernard Shaw, the greatest dramatist of the century, died five years ago. His greatness was easily explained—at his best he had something to say, and a mastery of language which enabled him to say it.

But Shaw left few disciples; he was a great Victorian, and when James Bridie (*Mr. Bolfray, It Depends What You Mean*) died, the school of Shaw—except for Roger MacDougall (*Escapade*)—passed into history.

Today, the centre of the theatre world is Paris. Production there is often slovenly by London or New York standards, but the French theatre has many outstanding dramatists. No French writer is afraid to write for the theatre; in Britain our leading men of letters prefer the novel.

The American theatre is naturally a reflection of American life, which is far less settled than that in Britain. The American language is more expansive, more picturesque and less restrained than English, and this is emphasized in the plays of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller.

Britain has many superb actors—Geilgud, Olivier, Richardson, Redgrave, Schofield, Edith Evans. Most of them, like many other film, television and West End actors, learned their craft in the provinces, where in the last four years sixty theatres have closed. There is a danger that this training ground will soon disappear—unless the people who make money from plays are prepared to divert some of it to provincial repertory.

Theatre production costs are now two hundred per cent above prewar. They may vary from £3,000 for a straight play to £30,000 for a musical. The wage bill is a hundred per cent higher. The price of seats has increased by no more than twenty-five per cent because of the great increase in theatre-going during and since the war. But many theatres are closing, and thirty are up for sale—four in London and twenty-six in the provinces. In the north of England, twenty-nine out of forty-six repertory companies have closed.

Our first dramatist, Terence Rattigan, is a masterly story-teller (*The Winslow Boy*), and the successor in high comedy to Somerset Maugham. He tackled a greater theme in *Adventure Story*, based on the life of Alexander the Great.

Noël Coward wrote a brilliant comedy (*Blithe Spirit*) in the early days of the war, and our two poets, Christopher Fry and T. S. Eliot, have both achieved much although differing greatly in style. Eliot (*The Cocktail Party*, *The Confidential Clerk*) uses words sparingly and with precision. Fry (*The Lady's Not For Burning*, *Venus Observed*) scatters them in gay profusion.

A young writer whose full potentialities have yet to be realized is Peter Ustinov (*House Of Regrets*, *Love Of Four Colonels*).

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LITERATURE

BETWEEN 1910 AND 1930 English literature was in a healthy condition. Shaw, Kipling, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Conrad, James, and Chesterton were alive and writing, and even as their powers began to fade new writers took their places, unafraid to say something fresh.

T. S. Eliot's poem *The Waste Land*, published in 1923, was in its form, diction and theme unlike any previous English poem. Novels such as James Joyce's *Ulysses*, Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*, and the works of Dorothy Richardson headed a new "stream of consciousness" school radically different from any earlier prose fiction.

Since 1930 the giants have died and interest in their work has waned. Shaw has suffered a swift decline of interest. Bennett and Kipling are out of fashion. Galsworthy's popularity has gone abroad to France and Russia, where his books have sold one and three-quarter million copies. H. G. Wells, after a spell in the doldrums, has been caught up in the gale of science fiction sweeping the publishing world. In Russia alone his books have sold four million copies.

During the last twenty years the flame of experimentalism has died in the atmosphere of social and international stress. Much of the best writing of the experimental period was, at first glance, almost unintelligible to the average reader. Even D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley, who wrote direct English, frightened the ordinary readers by their mockery of accepted values. Original writers thought of themselves as apart from society: there was a gulf between them and the plain man.

By contrast, the new writers have been afraid to let themselves go, afraid to make the grand gesture. Modern novelists, Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, Elizabeth Bowen, Christopher Isherwood, L. P. Hartley, J. B. Priestley, H. E. Bates, Eric Linklater, go back to the old tradition of straight narrative.

Poets of the 1930s, W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice, also made an attempt to get in touch with the ordinary reader which Eliot had not made. It is a paradox that the most admired of recent poets is the late Dylan Thomas. Though often obscure, his poems hold a massive simplicity of feeling which comes across to a very wide range of sensitive readers. Where most volumes of poetry published in Britain sell a few hundred copies, Thomas's *Collected Poems* have been bought by ten thousand people.

THE TREND ABROAD

Important changes have also taken place in American literature since the thirties. The reputations of Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, John Steinbeck and Sinclair Lewis are declining, while those of Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner (both Nobel Prize winners) and Scott Fitzgerald are increasing internationally. Fitzgerald is no longer merely regarded as a charming "Laureate of the Jazz Age." Hemingway is thought of as something more than an anti-intellectual tough, and some critics claim that the Faulkner of *The Sound And The Fury*, *As I Lay Dying*, *Light In August* and *Go Down Moses* is the greatest American novelist of the century.

After the revolution Russian writers were clapped into ideological fetters, which hindered

original creative work, though one writer, Michael Sholokhov, produced two books, *Quiet Flows The Don* and *Virgin Soil Upturned*, whose greatness is indisputable. He ignored the party line.

Since Stalin's death there has been a tendency to give more importance to the individual in Russian literature and less to machinery. Ehrenburg's book *The Thaw* (he is also known here for *The Fall Of Paris*), and *The Train* and *The Factory* by the woman writer Panova, demonstrate this trend.

Foreign writers who have been read and admired in Britain since 1939 include the Italians Alberto Moravia and Ignazio Silone. Moravia's *A Woman Of Rome* sold 300,000 copies in Britain and 800,000 in America. Among recent French writers, available in English, are André Gide (*The Coiners*, *Strait Is The Gate*), Jean-Paul Sartre and Albert Camus (*The Plague*).

Though such writers are increasingly admired here, their work has had little effect on English literature.

The feeling that the age of experiment in poetry and fiction is over, coupled with the lack in contemporary English writing of great dominating figures—a new Dickens or Tennyson, Hardy or Yeats—has prompted many critics to assert that the novel is a dying form.

In the meantime the ordinary reader of today, in search of the excitement of the grand gesture, turns more often from novels to stories of travel or adventure, like *Reach For The Sky*, *The Dam Busters*, *Kon Tiki*, *The Wooden Horse* and *The Ascent Of Everest*.

TEN MODERN BEST-SELLERS

- THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA, by Ernest Hemingway.
WORLD OF LOVE, by Elizabeth Bowen.
THE CRUEL SEA, by Nicholas Monsarrat.
CHILDREN OF THE ARCHBISHOP, by Norman Collins.
THE HOUSES IN BETWEEN, by Howard Spring.
THE QUIET GENTLEMAN, by Georgette Heyer.
A TOWN LIKE ALICE, by Nevil Shute.
MY COUSIN RACHEL, by Daphne du Maurier.
A PROSPECT OF THE SEA, by Dylan Thomas.
THE PURPLE PLAIN, by H. E. Bates.

MEDICINE

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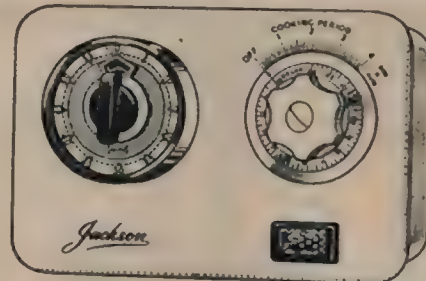
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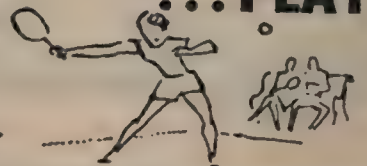
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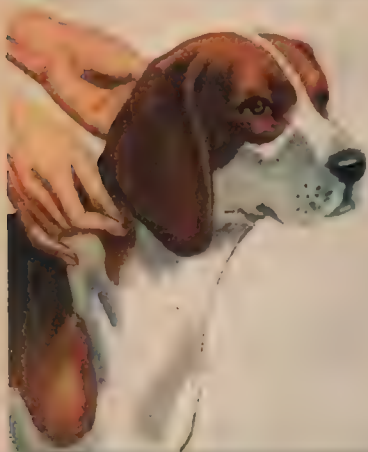
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CAPTAIN OF HUNGARY

Continued from page 17

of the English players, as well as by their discipline. They are true sportsmen, keen to win and ready to lose. They are the masters of football, yet they lost this match.

In my opinion, England's problem is that there is not nearly sufficient unity in the team; and unity will not be acquired unless her players are trained together and given the opportunity to know and understand each other's play under all possible circumstances.

Technically, England's players are excellent, but they have no idea how to cope as a team with any unorthodox situation which may arise. Their attacks are so obviously organized according to the textbook that it is easy for their opponents to recognize their intentions and take steps to counter them.

There is no doubt, though, that England has some of the best football players in the world. Matthews is the most wonderful outside right I have ever seen. It is my great regret that I was never able to study him in earlier years.

Even today it is amazing to watch his youthful bursts of speed, his fascinating dribbling and intelligent approach to the game. He is an example for all footballers.

He was certainly the "bogy man" for our team, and our saying: "Take care, Matthews is coming!" whenever we wanted to chide our full backs, became a catch phrase.

WHEN I started that season's training schedule, I told Elizabeth, my wife, what lay ahead. She looked worried. "Ocsi, won't that be too much for you?" she said.

I am sure that she was thinking, too, that football wasn't leaving me much time for her. I told her how important it was to me that Hungary should hold her own against England. Like the wonderful wife she is, Elizabeth said: "I only hope all this hard work will bring you what you want."

She knew what she was taking on when she married me in 1950, and although there have been many days and nights since then when my career has made her lonely, she has never once complained.

Elizabeth and I live in a six-roomed

bungalow in one of Budapest's garden suburbs. We have our own garden and a small orchard; Elizabeth spends more time reading than she does gardening. She has most of A. J. Cronin's novels and these, with several translations of Gustave Flaubert, fill a shelf of our bookcase.

Strangely enough, the really talented cook in the family is me—or so I like to think—and Elizabeth is kind enough to keep up the pretence. I am at my best in the kitchen, working up some speciality for our dinner guests.

Just before the 1952 Olympic Games, our daughter was born. Her name is Aniko, but we call her "Storm." She has her mother's looks and my temperament. She is always active, from morning till bedtime, running, jumping and breaking things.

One of these days she may decide to become an athlete. I would like that. Meanwhile, her sweet voice fills our house with happiness. She always wants to know how I played and how many goals I scored. If I come home from a match a little bruised, she is the first to try to comfort me. And, of course, she always searches my pockets for presents when I come back from a trip abroad.

Aniko means everything to Elizabeth and me. For her sake, I would even give up playing football.

SHORTLY after the England-Hungary match in Budapest, we left for Switzerland to play in the World Championship.

Our first-round opponents were the South Koreans, and we beat them easily. In the second round we faced West Germany. The game started fiercely, with West Germany, loudly encouraged by their supporters, making a powerful attempt to gain control.

Our defence operated beautifully against the fury of that opening barrage, and with quick passing and changing manoeuvres, we forwards began to penetrate the German defence. Soon we had gained the upper hand.

During the second half, our opponents' tactics grew rough. We were attacking West Germany's goal and I dribbled the ball down the field without any challenge, put it across to Kocsis, and ran forward to take up my new position. At this moment, I received a vicious kick on the back of my ankle.

The pain was bad, but I dared not think about it and kept moving. And then suddenly my ankle collapsed. I couldn't stand. At the critical stage of the world series, I had been crippled. My team mates tried to comfort me, and took their revenge like sportsmen. They played still more skilfully and with more courage and enthusiasm. Though fielding only ten men, Hungary won the match 8-3.

I had to watch our next game, which was against Brazil, from the stands. A crowd of 60,000 gave the teams a great ovation. The visit of Brazil had attracted much interest. They liked showmanship, and this was evident as soon as they appeared. Four of their team carried their national flag as they trooped in procession on to the pitch. The ceremony went down very well with the crowd.

As soon as the referee whistled for the start of the match, the Brazilians just threw their flag aside. The crowd, who had been impressed by the display of patriotic fervour, couldn't hide its smiles.

Kocsis and Hidegkuti both scored to give Hungary a two-goal lead in the first nine minutes; at this, our opponents lost their heads and their tempers, and played accordingly.

In the eighteenth minute Brazil reduced the lead with a penalty goal and the game became even rougher.

The pace of the second half was as exhausting as that of the first; we were leading by three goals to two, and Brazil tried everything to find the equalizer. This was not so much a football match between sportsmen, as a battle with no quarter between enemies. In the end Hungary won by four goals to two.

Forgetting my ankle, I jumped happily up from my seat, but my foot



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at once gave way and I had to sit down hurriedly. It was a heart-breaking moment for me not to be able to be the first to congratulate my friends on this great victory.

Instead, I called out to them as they reached the stand and we became a lot of sentimental children, kissing each other, crying, laughing, talking excitedly about our success.

In happiness and friendship we returned to the dressing-room. We could still hardly believe our victory and were full of praise for each other's good work when, like a bomb, a soda syphon crashed into our midst.

Next moment the electric light bulb was smashed. More bottles hurtled into the room, and we dropped to the floor in the darkness. Then bodies flung themselves upon us. We were completely off our guard, confused and bewildered amid the babel of grunts, blows and cries.

For ten minutes the fight raged before it was broken up and we were able to check the damage we had suffered. One man was unconscious and a doctor was trying to bring him round. Another player had a deep gash across his face, another was bleeding from a wound in the head. Everybody carried some mark of the brutal, mysterious attack.

What had happened was that the Brazilians, whose dressing-room was opposite ours, had been unable to stand the noise of our rejoicing at our victory. Our door had been pushed open, somebody had kicked down the Hungarian nearest him, and the battle had begun.

On the football field we had won 4-2. But who had come best out of the "extra time" in the dressing-room it was impossible to decide. There had been no referee.

The match with Brazil took more out of us than we expected; we had hardly recovered when we had to meet Uruguay, the title holders. We were evenly matched, and at the final whistle the score was 2-2. In the extra time we scored twice, giving us a 4-2 victory. Play was hard, but there was no brutal roughness, and when a foul did occur, the players hurried to shake hands.

Now we were in the final; the days before we met our last opponents, West Germany, were especially exciting for me. My foot was better and I felt that I could take part in the match. Medical opinion and a trial practice confirmed my view. I was allowed to play.

The game began well for us. By the ninth minute both Czibor and myself had scored to give Hungary a two-goal lead, and everyone began to think that this was going to be a repetition of our previous match with West Germany, but apparently the referee didn't think so.

I had already noticed, the first time we played West Germany, that this referee seemed to miss a number of what I felt were irregularities. I am sure that the films of the game must have since convinced him that he did give a number of decisions which were not entirely fair to us.

Altogether, it was not our lucky match, and our mood was not improved by the youth concert which had been held the night before in Solothurn, the Swiss town where we were staying.

At first it was very charming, but

when the band continued to play at full blast through the night, our views changed. We couldn't possibly sleep, and consulted official after official, but there was no means of stopping the noise. As a result we didn't get to sleep until 5 a.m.

All our plans for a quiet, early night with eight hours of sound sleep went overboard. When we were called at 8 a.m. we were not at all refreshed, but nearer a state of nervous exhaustion.

Still, excuses don't do any good. The fact is that we didn't win the World Championship. Inwardly, I wept at the result, but my congratulations to West Germany were sincere. They had fought for and won the glorious title of world champions and they deserved it.

After the match my wife, who had been among the spectators, wept on my shoulder: "Oh, Ocsi, this can't be true," she sobbed. "This must be a nightmare."

MANY people thought that after losing the finals of the World Championship, Hungary's luck had begun to change and her succession of victories was at an end. But we were confident that this would not happen.

After a short rest we began serious training again, and our record in the autumn of 1954 was ample proof that we had not forgotten how to play football, and that Hungary was still a team to be reckoned with.

We beat Rumania 5-1 and Czechoslovakia 4-1, and drew 1-1 with the Soviet Union.

I visited Britain again at the end of 1954 to play against Scotland. I felt quite at home and many happy memories of our visit in November, 1953, came back to me.

We went with forebodings to our match against Scotland. Bozsik Lorant and myself had hardly got over recent injuries and the whole team was tired after the hard fights of the year. Furthermore, the fact that the Glasgow pitch was deep in mud gave an added advantage to our opponents, who were used to their own ground.

We won 4-2, but our play was not up to the standard expected of us. On the other hand the state of the ground and weather gave us no help. All in all, we were very pleased that we closed the year with a victory that almost made up for the loss of the World Championship.

Today I am twenty-eight, and there are those who say that my time in first-class football is coming to an end. They are wrong. In Hungary most footballers play actively until they are thirty-three or four, and when I think of England's famous Matthews, my ambition is to go on until I am forty—and keep in the front rank as he has done.

I can only achieve this ambition through hard training. Football is always changing, and there are new ideas and new players to keep pace with. Luck apart, my own experience has convinced me that a footballer's career stands or falls by his hard work, personal sacrifice and training. I intend to be the master of the field of play, and I am going to keep that ball the slave of my feet.

THE END

"Captain of Hungary" by Ferenc Puskas is being published as a book on October 27 by Cassell & Co., Ltd., at 10s. 6d.

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THE CONSTANT FLAME

Continued from page 23

fingers. He had heard the enemy's first movement on the road. Giles nodded, understanding, and got ready to run. Craig started counting to himself. Action again, he thought: you would think a man could expect some peace in his old age, but it never happens.

Nevertheless he was smiling at the end of the five seconds. He moved the button to automatic, raised himself to a crouch, nodded to Giles and stood up.

He felt the hard shock and roar of the Sten as it jerked into life and stabbed out into the darkness.

Through the flash he saw Giles stumbling off to his left towards the car, and, releasing the trigger, he leaped up the bank on to the road, and raced to the shelter of the shadow on the far side; and, turning, sent another staccato stream flashing into the darkness.

He sprinted for the car, and, as he reached it, the engine broke into a welcome roar. He jumped in, threw back the sliding roof and shouted to Giles to drive straight ahead. Then, balancing himself, he brought the gun into action. They tore into the midst of the enemy in a blasting crescendo of noise that came from the snarl of the motor, rising to a scream, a sustained trumpet blast—an earsplitting fanfare from the Klaxon horn—and over it all the thunderous clatter of the Sten spitting flame and death in a white arc before them.

Roger Craig, his white hair flying in the wind, rode the car chariot-like through the bandits, huddled on the sides of the pumice highway, using all his strength to control the demon in his hands, as it showered its destruction on the foe; until the gun died in his grip, and the softer roar of the engine and the swish of the tyres came to his ears.

It was all over in a matter of a few seconds, but Giles drove for a mile or two before he stopped.

ROGER CRAIG would have preferred to think he could manage this sort of activity without strain, but by the time he had regained his seat he realized he was past it. His hands were trembling and his heart thudding as though it would burst out of his body. For a minute, when they stopped, the silence was broken by his gasping struggle for breath, under the anxious eyes of Giles. As it subsided Giles said: "All right now, sir?"

"Ah—yes, Giles."

"It was a fine performance, sir," said Giles. "The plan couldn't have been better."

"Thank you, Giles."

Giles produced a small bottle of whisky from which they both drank gratefully.

Craig took a deep breath. "Now I think we'd better be getting back."

Giles was startled. "Back?" he asked incredulously.

"I'm sorry, but we must see if we

got anyone. Can't leave bodies on the road."

"Couldn't we look in daylight?"

"It might be too late. They have a habit of collecting their dead."

Giles was silent. Craig could imagine the rebellious thoughts that would be coursing through the young man's mind, and waited patiently.

"O.K., sir," Giles sighed at last, and grinned ruefully. "But my instincts are all against it."

"I don't think we shall see anything of them, mind you. I rather fancy they will have taken to the hills."

"I wish I had your confidence," said Giles, as he turned the car round. He drove back at a snail's pace: scarcely a sound, but a low purr from the engine and the tiny crackling of pumice under the tyres. Craig fitted the second magazine to the side of the Sten, and raised himself through the roof again. Apart from his trembling hands he felt nearly normal.

WHEN he judged they were a couple of hundred yards away, he told Giles to stop. Both men got out and crept along the road in the shadow of the bank. After fifty odd paces, Craig, who was leading with the Sten, stopped and they listened. The only sound was the rustle of the waves nearby.

"Think they've gone?" came Giles's whisper in his ear, and he nodded. Everything was dead still.

Suddenly Giles gripped his arm and pointed.

On the ground, facing in their direction, was a figure just distinguishable in the grey darkness. Ten yards away at the most. Craig's eyes widened and his grip tightened on the gun.

For a brief moment a sensation of fluttering panic came over him as his finger felt for the trigger. Then reason conquered fear, and he relaxed. He beckoned to Giles, and walked forward, and turned the body over with his foot.

"We'll get this one into the car," he said, "and then we'll clear out."

Together they carried the dead Chinese—a distasteful job. Craig made a mental note to examine the body, and go through its pockets at the first opportunity in daylight.

They drove off and for a few miles neither spoke. Then Giles said: "What are we going to do with the body?"

"Leave him to me," said Craig. "I'll give him to the Singapore police in the morning."

"Where are you going tonight?"

"I'm off to visit friends in Mersing. But drive to your estate first."

"It's just down the road now."

Giles slowed the car and turned down the estate road, presently arriving at the door of the estate bungalow.

"Are you sure there's nothing I can do, sir?" he asked.

"You've done very well already, Giles," said Craig, and meant it. "Now get some sleep."

The young man got out, and Craig took over the driving seat. Giles leaned

Every
10
seconds...

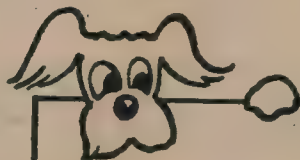


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net was joined and the lace-edging applied by zig-zag stitch. She even made the flowers herself with wire corded edges, adding their leaves by appliqué and then sparkling the dress by attaching sequins—all on her 306. Taking quite an inexpensive pair of gloves she sewed on the frilling with zig-zag stitch, made buttonholes and machined on the buttons.

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on the door and looked at Craig through the window.

"I must say you saved me from a pretty sticky situation, Mr. Craig."

"I was equally glad to see you," responded Craig, and there was an awkward pause. "Your car is insured I suppose?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—that's no worry."

"Well then, good night, and thank you for your help."

"Goodnight, sir, and thank you."

Craig pressed the self-starter, waved to Giles and drove out of the compound. He came to the main Johore Road and turned towards Mersing.

He parked the car well away from the house in the compound of Ah Lam's bungalow, and walked up to the veranda. There she was, slim and neat and still quite lovely.

"Roger," she said. "I've been so worried." Then, as he came closer and she saw him clearly, she caught her breath. "Oh—my dear, what happened to you?"

"A wee bit of a tussle, my love." Craig put his arm around her shoulders and guided her towards the bungalow. "But we came out of it unscathed, if a bit breathless."

"Bandits?"

"Yes, Lamb."

"You're sure you are all right?"

"Quite. But if you have a *stengah* handy, I'd appreciate it."

"*Bawa stengah sama tuar*," she called to the boy.

The whisky and soda was handed to him, and he sank into a cane chair.

"Cheers, Lamb," he said and drank half.

"You know," he said, "sometimes I think it's just as well I'm going home, I'm too old for excitement. It's a fearful thing to have to admit."

THEN he told her what had happened, omitting mention of the return to the scene of the battle, and she listened carefully, noting all the details, and he loved her for her silent absorption of his story.

"So we drove flat out through them, with all this racket going on, and came straight to you. I dropped Giles at the estate. The only bad aspect is that he has probably lost his car."

"I am glad you are here," she said.

"I knew you were in danger."

He took her hand. "Every time danger approaches I'm scared these days, because you said I'd never die in bed." He smiled at her.

"Did you see any of the bandits?"

He paused. "No," he lied. "I fired quite blind."

He finished the *stengah* and they went inside.

"Now," said Ah Lam, "how are you getting back?"

Craig shrugged his shoulders. "The same way as I came," he said.

"But, Roger—"

"No, I won't go tonight, Lamb. Whether you like it or not, tonight you are compromised. I shall have to stay here."

"You make me feel quite young," she said. "I'll get the boy to put a mosquito net over the couch. Shall I tell him to put your car away?"

"Don't bother," said Craig hastily. "I'll do it myself."

He went out into the compound, and drove the car into an attap shed that served as a garage. There was nothing he could do but pray no one looked into it during the night. He put a canvas sheet over the body in the rear seat, and came back to the house.

Ah Lam was busy instructing the boy in the erection of a mosquito net in the lounge. On a table beside the couch was a flask of iced water and a glass; typical of Ah Lam, everything provided for. She beckoned him.

"There you are," she said. "I hope you are comfortable. It is not luxury, but you should sleep easily after your exertions."

The servant went out. She came over in front of him and, reaching up with her hand, stroked his cheek. "It was dangerous to come, Roger. You are wonderfully good remembering an old woman." Her eyes looked up into his, smiling.

Roger Craig put his arms around her, and held her gently against him. "In

forty years I didn't forget you," he said.

"No," she said, and sighed a little. "All the memories are good."

They stood thus together for several moments, mindful of the past. Then he said, "I'm sorry it's such a dismal finish, Ah Lam."

"It's not for me, while you're alive."

"Truly not for me either," he said. But when she raised her head again and smiled, there were tears in her eyes.

"Goodnight," she said softly.

"Goodnight, Lamb."

After she had gone he sat down on the bed for a few minutes. Then he took off his clothes, wrapped himself in a sarong from the bedside table and, switching off the light, climbed under the mosquito net. He was exhausted.

NEXT day he said goodbye to a pale, dejected Ah Lam and, with a heavy heart, returned to Loyang.

Ah Khan, his boy, appeared on the veranda of the bungalow when he heard the car, looking very concerned.

"*Mama tuan tidor?*" he inquired anxiously. "Where did you sleep?"

"That's an impertinent question, Khan," said Craig, and smiled for the first time. "I stayed with friends."

"Very glad," said the boy. "Me worried." Ah Khan always spoke whatever language was addressed to him.

"Shift come from Tuan Marshall."

Marshall was in P. & O. Must be about the ship, thought Craig. He glanced at the back of the car, and went inside. Ah Khan gave him the letter. It was only a note apologizing for the fact that the ship would not go till Monday midday. A good thing, really, as it would allow him the weekend to complete a report to the police, concerning the man he had killed.

He bathed and shaved, had breakfast and afterwards drove across the island to River Valley police station.

"Got a body for you, Grant," he said to the sub-inspector.

"A what?"

"A corpse. I shot it."

The sub-inspector knew Craig's taciturn reputation. He took out a notebook. "What race, sir?"

"Chinese."

"Where did it happen?"

"Tepi Pasir."

"Name of corpse known?"

"Haven't seen it in daylight."

"Witness?"

"Athol Giles, rubber planter."

"Thank you, sir," said Grant and closed the notebook. "Now if you would bring your car into the courtyard we'll take delivery of the corpse."

They went out of the office on to the road, and the car was driven into the enclosure, away from the view of the public. Constables were summoned, and the body removed to the police mortuary, covered with the canvas. Craig and the sub-inspector followed the carrying party to the basement of the station and waited while the body was searched and laid out.

"There he is, sir," said the sub-inspector. "A stranger to me."

Craig walked over to the table. "Any papers?" he asked.

"Nothing at all."

HE reached the edge of the table and stopped. Not a muscle of his face moved. Yet the first glance sent a whirlwind of horror through his brain, freezing his senses in a turbulent paroxysm of shock; his hand touched the table and he seized it, staring fascinated, aware of the policeman beside him, of the face fading and clearing, fading and clearing before him, of himself holding fast to the table and forcing his mind and his body to his will, and, with a gigantic effort, he took control of himself.

"Not a pleasant sight," said Grant casually. "Do you know him?"

Craig looked up with weary eyes. "I'm afraid not," he replied. He turned to the body and covered the face with the canvas. Both men left the room in silence and went back upstairs.

"I'll be making a report for you," said Craig dully. "I'm leaving on Monday."

"Thank you, sir."

Coming to his bungalow, half an



Their song—but will it tell her the truth?

Amanda and Robin first met at a tennis dance. They liked each other at once—then found, to their delight, that they danced together perfectly. From then on, Robin was Amanda's partner at every dance, and she dreamed of the day when they would be partners for ever.

Until, three days before the big, end-of-season dance, a brief note told her he would not be going.

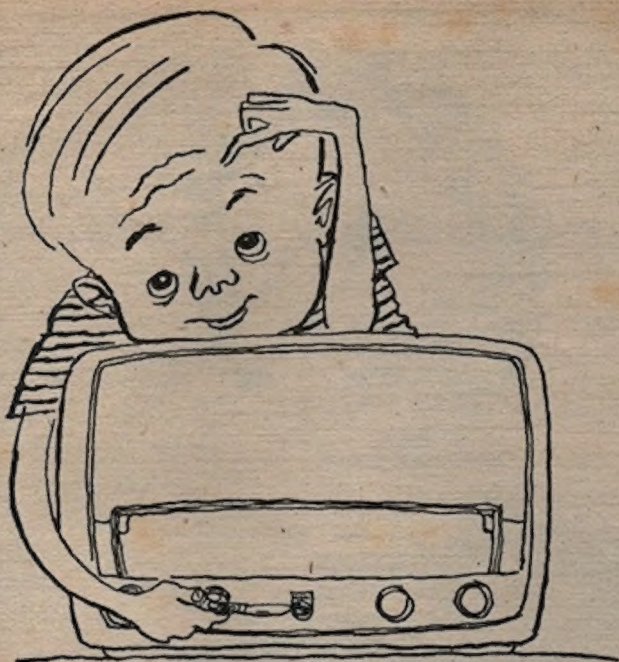
Poor Amanda. As she played over the tunes they had loved to dance to, she wondered how Robin could have let her down so casually. But she never hit on the truth that Robin was too shy to mention—that her bad breath was breaking up their partnership.

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If only Amanda had asked herself why she started every day with a stale, unpleasant taste in her mouth: the "morning mouth," in fact, that means bad breath! The reason for it is simple.

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'I thought symbols were things you bashed together.'

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'It shows the set is dependable.'

'Why does it show it's dependable?'

'It just does. You'll find it on all Philips things. It means you can trust them.'

'Why can you trust them?'

'Because they're that sort of people.'

'WHY are they that sort of people?'

'Because . . . because . . . Peter, I think you'd better get on with your homework.'

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hour later, he saw her sitting on the veranda. He climbed out of the car and walked up to the house with apprehensive steps.

"Welcome, Lamb." He smiled uncertainly.

"Hullo, Roger." She smiled back bravely, holding herself carefully and delicately together, and he hated what was coming.

Ah Lam looked at him, straight into his eyes. Then suddenly she broke down and was in his arms, weeping as though her heart would break. He held her, and the grief that racked the tiny body transmitted itself to him, souring his blood.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"I was in the garden before you woke."

"Oh, Lamb—I didn't know then." All the world was crashing around him. That this should be the climax was more than he could bear. But then Ah Lam walked away from him, to the end of the veranda, and leaned over the balustrade: and looking out towards Malaya, she was silent for a few moments. Then she spoke, clearly and without emotion, still looking across the straits.

"I loved two people in the world, Roger. You and Siew Yan. He was evil and you were good, but he was my son; so I loved him more. Without knowing he was here, I would have gone to England. But I did know and waited for him to come and see me; and he never did. It was cruel that the first time I should see him since so many years was this morning in your car."

She turned and faced him so that he saw the suffering eyes, in a wan, lined face. "You are all I have left, Roger," she said. "I would never blame you."

GOING aboard ship that evening, Roger Craig was met by the captain. "Good evening, Mr. Craig," he said.

"Good evening," said Craig cordially. "Still sailing on Monday?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It's quite certain now. We could go on Sunday, but it means paying the coolies overtime, and it's not worth it for this size of vessel."

"Just the right size from my point of view," said Craig. "Small and uncrowded."

The captain looked embarrassed. "Look, sir," he said, "the way I understand it, you took this berth so as you'd be on your own, like."

"That's right." There was a suggestion of a smile hovering around the corners of Craig's mouth.

"Well, sir, there's been a slip-up. Someone's pulled some strings somewhere, and I'm afraid we've now got another passenger."

"Oh? Who is it?"

"A wretched Chinese, sir—a Mrs. Sun Ah Lam."

"I see," said Craig. "Well, never mind. The Suns are quite a nice family."

The captain looked very relieved. "Oh, then it may be all right, sir."

"Don't worry for a moment, captain," said Roger Craig. "I'm sure it will be all right."

THE END

SIR WILLIAM ROOTES

Continued from page 26

Zealand and South Africa, and sales and spare-parts depots in some other countries as well.

It was after the second World War, in which the group produced one out of every seven British-made bombers and sixty per cent of the armoured cars, that Sir William went hardest for the dollar. He pioneered a system whereby hire purchase conscious Americans could buy a car with their air tickets. When he decided to have "the best motor showroom in Europe," with a reception centre for overseas buyers staffed by experts in trade and languages, he declared that there should be no distracting telephone bells. The phones were fitted with flickering lights instead.

WHEN he is not living out of a suitcase, Rootes divides his time between the London offices, the Coventry works and his farms at Hungerford and Glenalmond House, Perthshire.

Once, friends thought his farming no more than a rich man's indulgence, but today he is a leading exporter of Aberdeen Angus cattle and Hampshire Down sheep—for dollars, mainly. He finds time for shooting in Scotland and is fond of his wife's pet poodles, Silly and Honey. He has been known to walk to his office through Mayfair with Honey trailing him on a lead.

Even at home, however, Rootes more often than not entertains overseas clients and, according to Lady Rootes, he is inclined to get so involved in work that he overlooks mealtimes, much to the chagrin of the family cook. Once, he dictated letters to Morris in the middle of a shoot in Scotland.

Latterly, Rootes was interested in some pigs being bred at Sir Winston Churchill's Chartwell estate and drove round to see them. Churchill showed as much interest in the car as Rootes showed in the pigs. The car was the prototype of a new Humber estate car which was to be kept secret until its announcement at a press party preceding the 1955 Motor Show. It seemed ideal, Churchill thought, for his Riviera holiday. Next day, Rootes ordered one to be got ready for immediate delivery.

When some 250 reporters turned up for the party, the estate car had lost its surprise value, and Rootes concentrated on his new "gay-look" line of two-colour cars. There were even "gay-look" cocktails, but Rootes was not seen to drink any. He had a sherry with his lunch and, afterwards, his first cigarette of the day. It looked as if the 1955 launching had gone successfully even without the estate-car surprise and, infected by their chief's evident approval, Rootes executives were smiling, though nobody doubted that Sir William was already thinking several moves ahead.

Still, the next eruption seemed a little way off, and that was something.

THE END

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FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Celebration Weekend for Two: T. Hatton, 36 Parry Street, Seacombe, Wallasey, Cheshire:

The Russian Picture Better Lately—Better Late—!

£25: J. Bullamore, 32 Drummond Gardens, Epsom: THAT OLD MACHINE—SAVING LEGS—ENDANGERED Limbs.

£10: J. Cowlishaw, 71 Avonvale Road, Redfield, Bristol: TRUE PEACE—WITH H-BOMBS IN "MOTH-BALLS"?

OTHER AWARDS: £9: R. C. Green, 17 Sayes Court, Addlestone, Surrey: SOMEWHERE IN SPACE—I ANSWERED, "I WILL!" £8: L. A. Bourne, 304 Hythe Road, Ashford, Kent: ALL FALS TOGETHER—TILL Painter Used Screw-driver! £7: E. Davis, "Ventura," Broad Lane North, Willenhall, Staffs: WHAT MAKES IT SELL—AND "SMELL"—NEWSPAPER'S "SPICE"!

£6: J. Martin, 25 Suffolk Parade, Cheltenham: WONDER OF OUR TIME—POSSIBILITIES WITH PLASTIC—Soviet! £5: S. Brennan, Flat 4, 304 Bury New Road, Salford: STEADY, MR. SCIENTIST—LEST KNOWLEDGE'S "MOUNTAIN," Volcano! £5: J. D. Goody, 43 Valliers Wood Road, Sidcup: WHAT MAKES IT HOME—"ATMOSPHERE"—AND KITCHEN'S AROMA! £5: C. F. Green, 21 Tattershall Road, Boston: WONDER OF OUR TIME—NO PLACE LIKE—School!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "Bullets" Bulletin, 100 *Bullets* Seasons, 500 "Ten-Shot" Awards and 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "Bullets" Bulletin dated November 19 and later in JOHN BULL), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible. (See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 12, for early news of No. 2,011 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,011, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).



a sad story beginning?

HAIR troubles bring distress to millions. Yet many deliberately ignore the warning signs, pretend to themselves 'it's nothing to worry about.' Then, one day, the first "thin patches" can no longer be hidden.

Hair needs care. Quite simple care too, the most important thing being to feed and stimulate the scalp and hair roots. For this, it is best to use 'PANTENE', the vitamin hair lotion which is already an outstanding success on the Continent.

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'PANTENE,' new to Britain, is the one hair lotion containing that vitamin of the 'B' complex, Panthenol, which research has shown to be important for nourishing the scalp and hair.

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. To use an incomplete Example, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Tonic For John
The 1955 Klondyke
Please, Mr. Chancellor
Secret Of Happiness
The Time Will Come When
Considering The Price
In The Realm Of Sport
Bottomless Pit
Carpet, Band, Flowers And
Feast For The Eyes
Wishy-washy
A Million Officials
Weary Of Waiting
Gang Of Hooligans
Knocked Off
Flirting With Danger

Merry Little Microbe
Showing His Teeth
Arrived By Helicopter

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

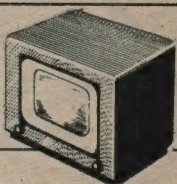
Heard In The.....
Packet Of.....
.....That Failed
Meant To Be.....
.....For Grandma
They May Not....., But
★ Scrambled "Example"
LIFEDO

(2-Minute Teaser—rearrange letters to make extra one-word "Example")

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	6d.
EX	6d.
B.	6d.
EX	6d.
B.	6d.
EX	6d.
B.	6d.
EX	6d.
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2,011

Closing Postmark MONDAY, OCT. 31

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value.....

No.....

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